

Bangladesh in LIFE Magazine 1954-1972



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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

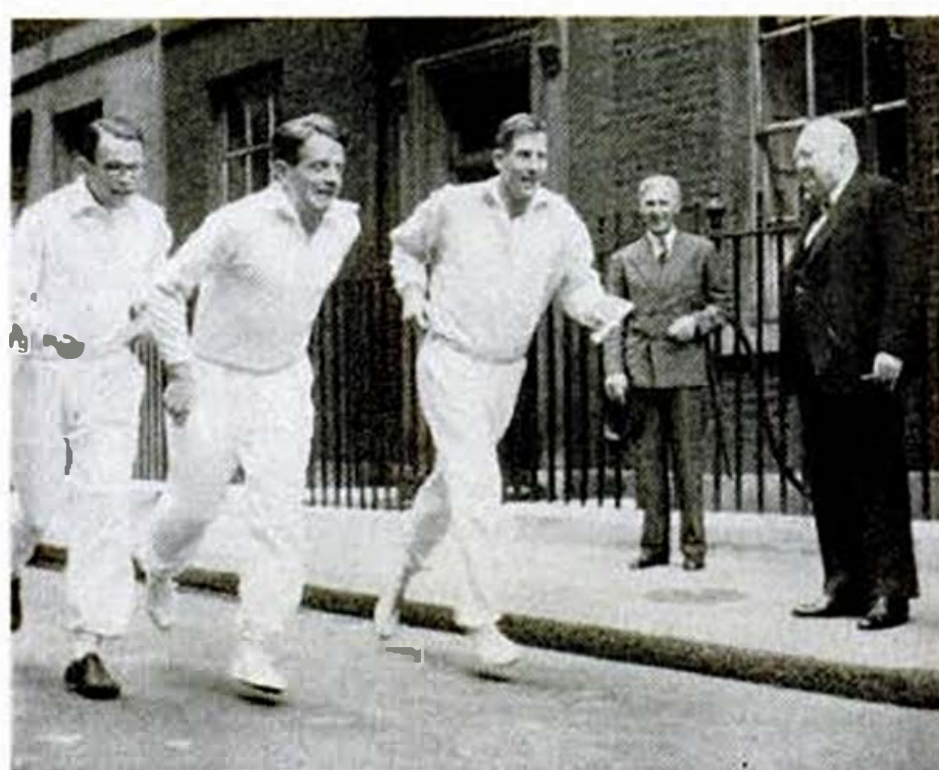
Presbyterians vote to unite, Indochina gets a new general, an astral explosion dwarfs the H-bomb

The three largest branches of the Presbyterian Church, which has been split since the Civil War, appeared close to reunion last week. By a vote of 283 to 169, an assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church approved a controversial merger proposal already accepted by assemblies of the other two branches—the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the United Presbyterian Church. If the merger is now approved by three fourths of the Southern church's presbyteries and two thirds of the presbyteries of the other two branches, it will be consummated in Washington in 1956.

A MiG marked with the Soviet red star dived at a Belgian commercial airliner flying over Yugoslavia near the Hungarian border last week. The fighter plane made three passes at the transport, which was carrying purebred pigs for Yugoslavia, in an effort to force it across into Hungary. Failing, it raked the transport with cannon fire, killing the Belgian radio operator and wounding two other crew members.

Violence in Virgo

The California Institute of Technology reported last week that it had photographed an explosion "so violent that by comparison an H-bomb is like a falling feather." The report was a matter for scientific curiosity rather than public alarm. The explosion—photographed last month through the 200-inch Hale telescope on California's Mount Palomar—appeared to be in the constellation of Virgo, many millions of miles beyond the Milky Way. Scientists calculated that its light had traveled about 20 million years before finally coming into the view of man.



BANNISTER RUNS FOR CHARITY

In his first public running exhibition since his historic under-four-minute mile, Roger Bannister last week took part in an unusual relay race. With Prime Minister Winston Churchill at the starting line, Bannister (above, right) led three fellow athletes in a half-mile jog through London traffic. The four men carried £500 checks and were running to publicize a \$1.7 million fund-raising drive to save 2,000 historic churches threatened by decay.



FRANCO (LEFT) GREETES TRUJILLO

It was a sociable week for two dictators. The Dominican Republic's Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo called on Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco in Madrid (above) and set out on an elaborate program of banquets, tours and hunting parties arranged in his honor. The welcome was particularly warm because Trujillo was the first Latin American head of state to visit Spain since Franco took over.

A replacement in Indochina

Still under sharp political attack at home over the loss of Dien-bienphu, the French government last week shook up its Indochina command. A new cabinet post, Minister for Indochina, was established and given to Édouard Frédéric-Dupont, the mayor of Paris. General Henri Eugène Navarre, Indochina military commander, was replaced by 56-year-old General Paul Ely, chief of staff of France's land forces, who has a reputation as a vigorous and resolute officer.



GENERAL PAUL ELY

In the bitter battle in the Delta, the Communists made their biggest gains in weeks, overwhelming and capturing a Roman Catholic seminary 75 miles from Hanoi and a defense post only nine miles from the Hanoi-Haiphong supply lifeline. At Geneva so little progress had been made in the Indochina peace talks that French Foreign Minister Bidault suggested that he talk privately with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov to find out if there is any point in continuing the discussions.

The American Automobile Association for the second year in a row named York, S.C. the safest small city for pedestrians in the U.S. York has not had a pedestrian fatality for 3,900 days. Each of the city's 5,000 residents receives some 150 safety messages a year and traffic reminders are included in local marriage ceremonies.

In Cuba, Felix Rodriguez Perez, a wealthy sugar grower, gave a party. After two weeks, having gathered guests and momentum, the party was still going strong. But the neighbors were done in. They called police, who hustled Felix and his 40 locally prominent guests off to jail. Felix promptly put up \$100 bail for each of his guests, carried them off to a new location. Finally the party died out last week after lasting nearly three weeks and resulting in the consumption of more than 1,000 bottles of champagne, cognac, rum and beer.

Crackdown in Pakistan

The government of Pakistan moved to break the power of its enemies in troubled East Pakistan, where more than 400 persons have been killed in the last two months in labor riots the government claims have been Communist-organized. Declaring a state of emergency, the government fired the entire provincial cabinet headed by the Communist-supported chief minister, 81-year-old Abul Kasem Fazlul Huq, whose United Front coalition won a smashing victory in the provincial elections last March. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali accused Fazlul Huq of "treason" in favoring a secessionist move to make East Pakistan a separate country.

A board selecting a site for a new \$126 million Air Force Academy, the airman's equivalent of West Point and Annapolis, last week narrowed the choice to three sites and left final decision up to the Secretary of the Air Force. The locations, picked mainly for size, natural beauty and a temperate climate, are at Alton, Ill., Colorado Springs, Colo., and Lake Geneva, Wis.



NEVER SAY DIE WINS THE DERBY

For the first time since 1881 an American-bred horse won England's most famous race, the Epsom Derby, known to most Americans as a sweepstakes event. The winner was Never Say Die, a previously unimpressive 3-year-old chestnut foaled in Kentucky and owned by Robert Sterling Clark, a wealthy New Yorker. A 33-to-1 shot, Never Say Die was sixth at the beginning of the home stretch, burst ahead to finish two lengths in front.



SITE OF PROJECT is curving section of the Karnafuli. Dam's extent is shown by dotted line. Power

station will be at spot marked A, spillway at B. Lake formed by reservoir will irrigate one million acres.

AMERICAN AID AND ENGINEERS RUSH HUGE DAM IN PAKISTAN

Ancient methods, modern machines develop a needed power source

Following in the wake of the U.S. salesmen and organizers are the American engineers whose prodigious energies last year threw up nearly \$1 billion worth of heavy construction abroad. Last week, using an odd but efficient combination of ancient methods and modern equipment, U.S. engineers were pushing on the huge Karnafuli Dam in Pakistan. The largest power-irrigation project U.S. aid and engineers are putting up anywhere in the world, the dam will be a great embankment, 3,000 feet long and 130 feet high. It will block the tropical Karnafuli River 30 miles upstream of Chittagong, East Pakistan's only port on the Bay of Bengal. The 150,000 kilowatts its plant will generate are the only hope of large-scale power

for a depressed and power-hungry part of Asia.

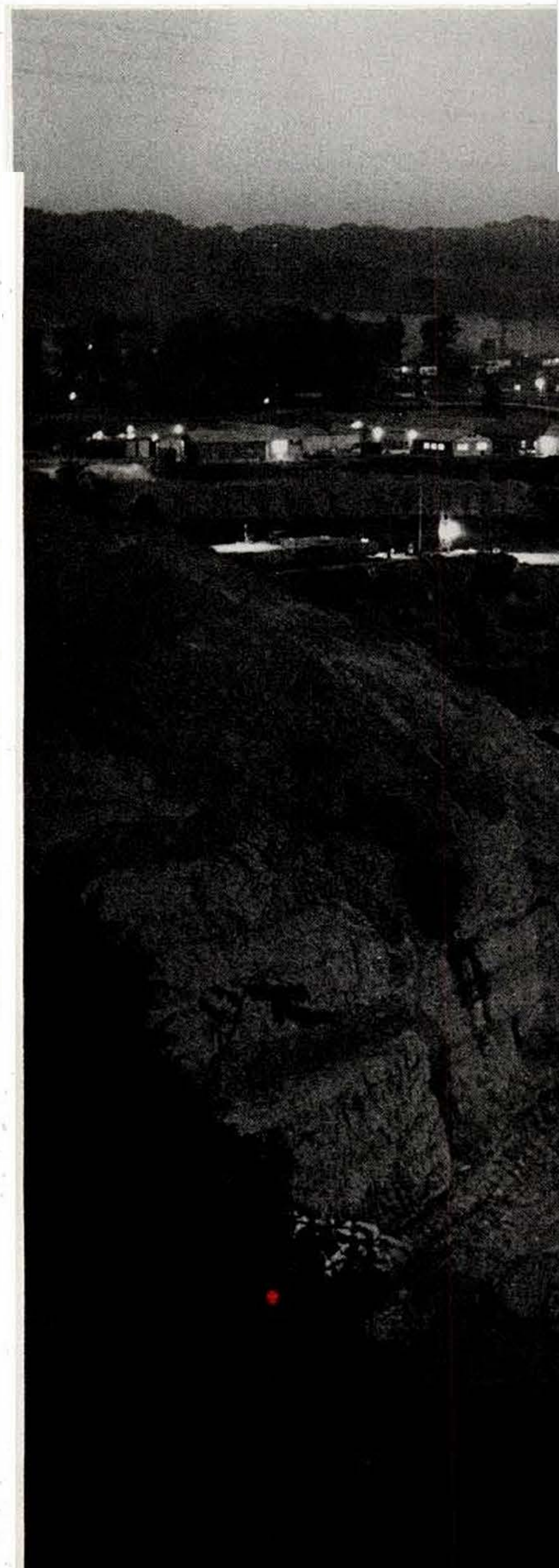
Pakistan set out to build the dam with 15,000 hand laborers in 1954, but work faltered for lack of modern equipment. Last year the U.S. granted a \$12.7 million loan toward the project's total cost of \$68 million. This gave Pakistan dollars to employ the Utah Construction Company. Utah's American engineers moved in and taught Pakistanis to use earth-moving equipment. They ingeniously solved a shortage of gravel for cement-making by manufacturing, as a substitute, mud baked into hard pellets. Today 70 Americans and 3,400 Pakistanis work round the clock toward 1960, when the dam's power will begin to directly benefit a quarter of East Pakistan's 40 million people.

CONVEYOR ROLLERS, over which an endless belt will flow to carry a high-speed stream of dam building

materials, are assembled by Pakistani crew trained by a U.S. foreman, Bob Church (*standing, center*).



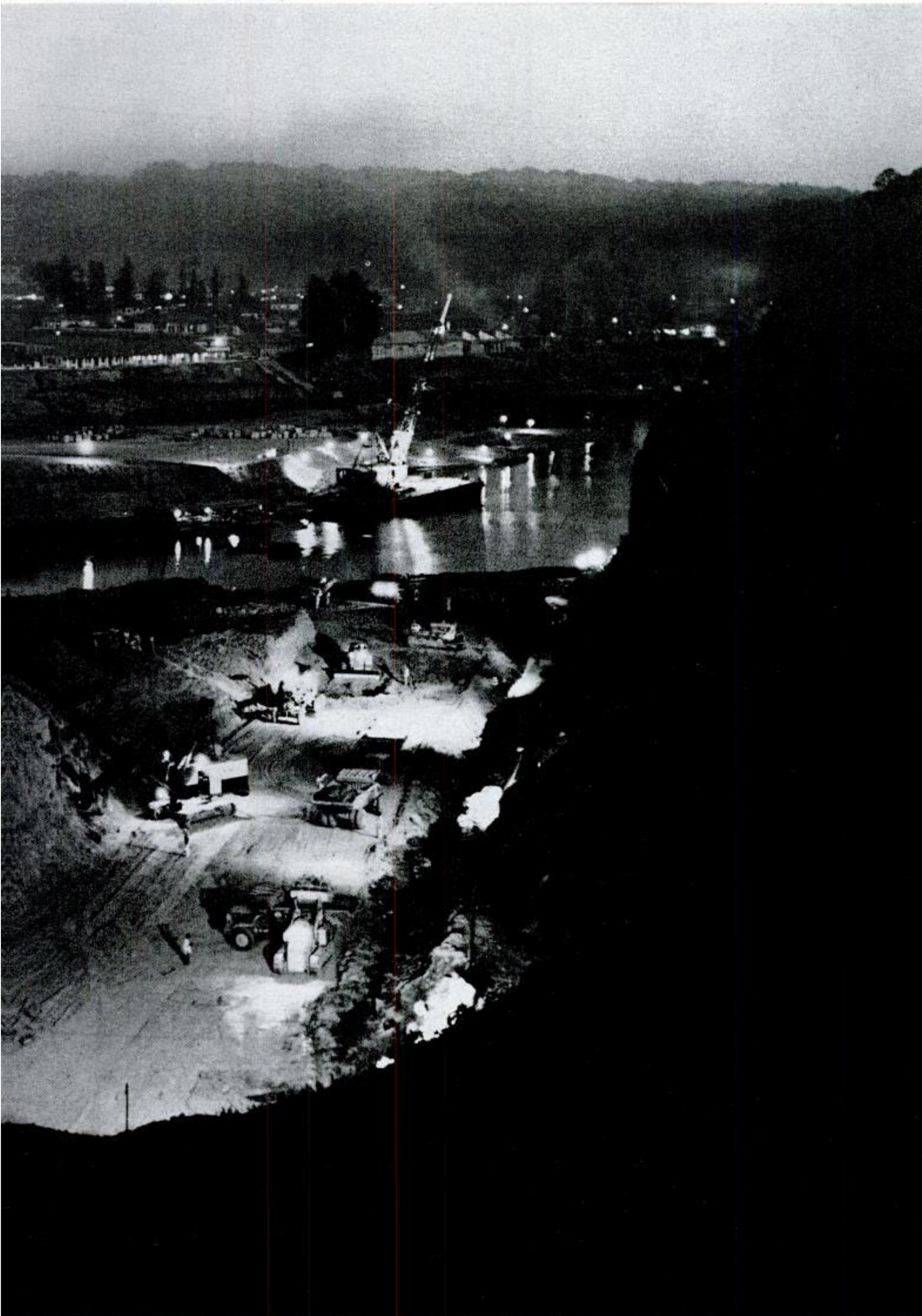
TRADITIONAL PAKISTANI WAY OF TRANSPORTING



NIGHT WORK keeps heavy construction machinery working round the clock as Pakistani operators

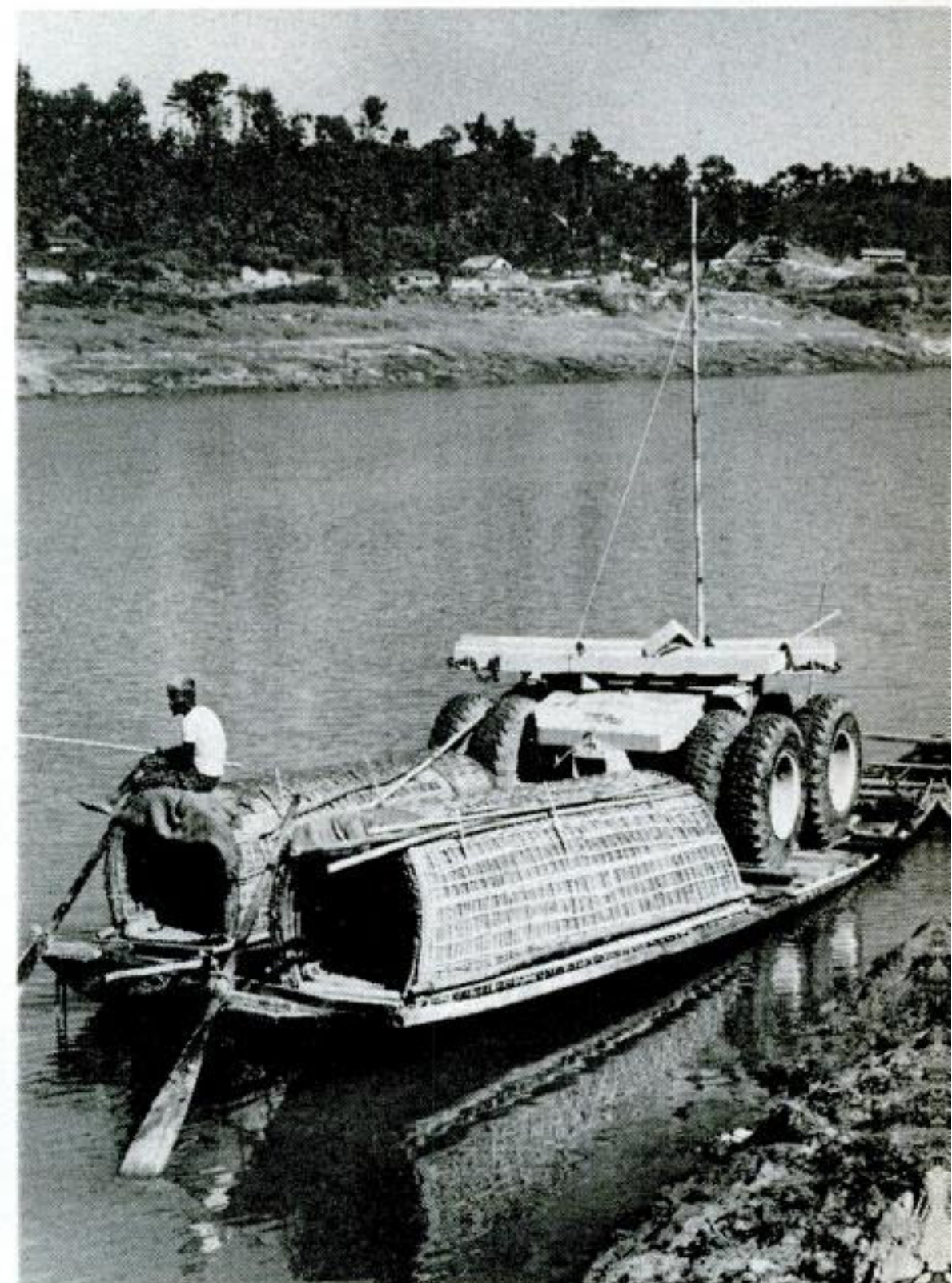


EARTH—IN HEAD BASKETS CARRIED BY A FILE OF WORKMEN—IS STILL USEFUL IN PARTS OF THE PROJECT. FOREMAN WITH UMBRELLA SHOUTS INSTRUCTIONS



use loaders to dig mouth of tunnel that will divert the Karnafuli River around the damsite. The lights

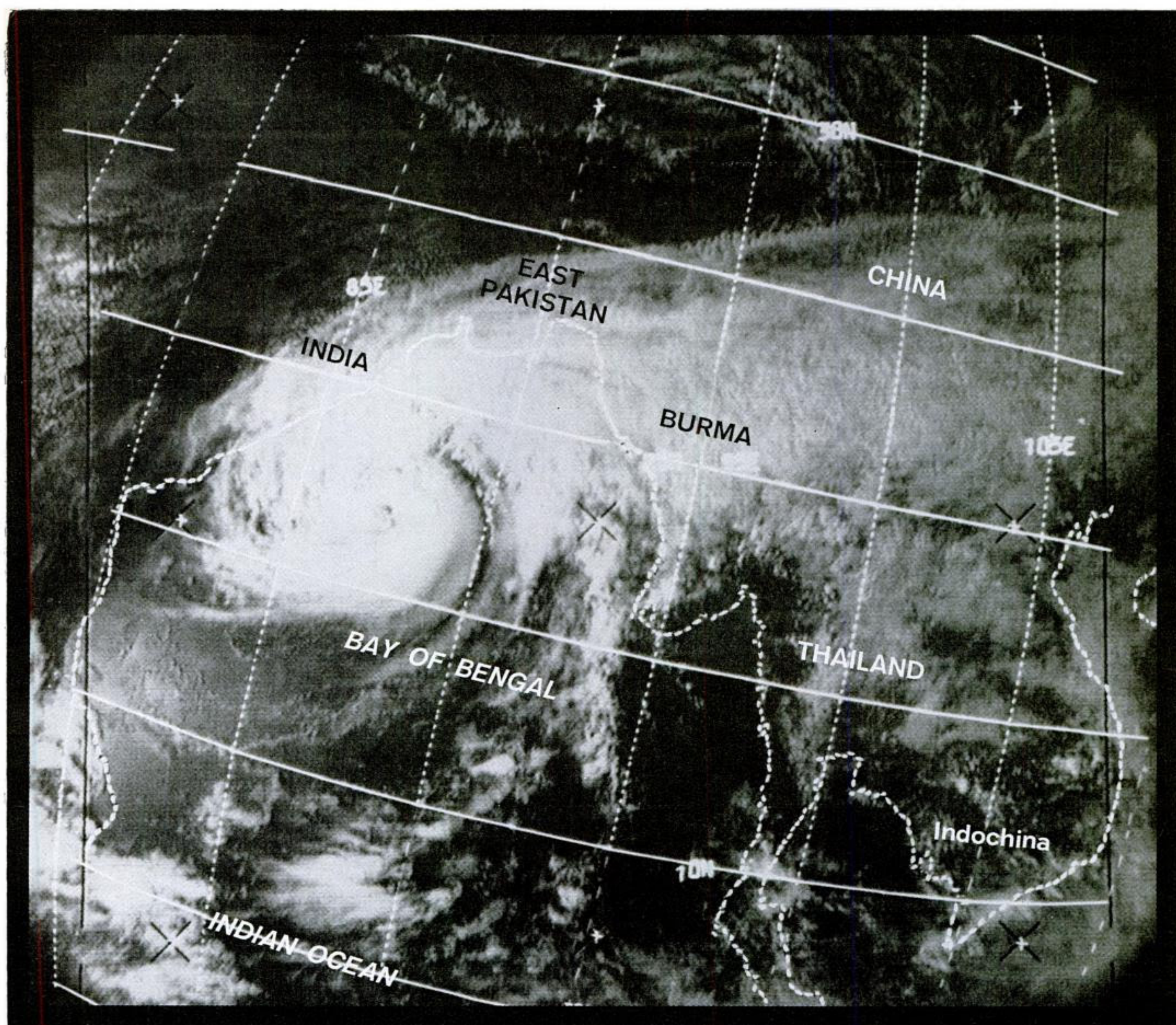
reflected in river behind are from the village of Kapitai near which most of the American engineers live.



EQUIPMENT FERRY made from two small Pakistani river boats carries large eight-wheeled trailer.



MEN IN CHARGE, Shafiqul Haq (left) for Pakistan, Byron Felkner of U.S., plan work schedule.



Spinning a plume thousands of miles northeastward across the Himalayas, the vortex of the cyclone that smashed East

Pakistan is shown moving inland in this U.S. weather satellite photo. The storm was spawned in the Bay of Bengal, spun

up the coast of India, and struck hardest at the islands of the Ganges River Delta, just below the coastline of East Pakistan.

A storm with no name ravages East Pakistan

Portrait of a deadly pinwheel

Observed impersonally, as from an unmanned weather satellite 900 miles high over the Indian Ocean, the cyclone had a classic feathery beauty driving northward into East Pakistan over the low islands of the Ganges Delta. But beneath its misty pinwheel lay natural disaster on a scale quite probably unprecedented in this century. The storm—which no meteorologist had bothered to name—roared up out of the Bay of Bengal at night, when most of the inhabitants of the delta's crowded islands lay asleep under their corrugated tin roofs in their matchstick shacks. The winds reached an incredible 150 miles an hour. Then, almost simultaneously, a 20-foot tidal wave swept through in its wake with phosphorescent fury, smashing across the flat and marshy delta where

millions lived and where no rise of land affords haven from storm or high water. The cyclone and the tidal wave erased all traces of some villages, submerged entire islands for days. One of the pathetic early messages from the area reported that there were not enough survivors to bury the dead, whose number may never be established by anyone: the estimates range to 300,000 and beyond. Those who did manage to escape were only marginally more fortunate: there was no food, and the water supply was either gone or hopelessly contaminated. Within days, cholera and typhoid began to develop and to spread. Help was offered immediately by the United States and by other nations. But in many places, there was no one left to make use of the supplies or to be helped.

The survivors themselves could barely survive



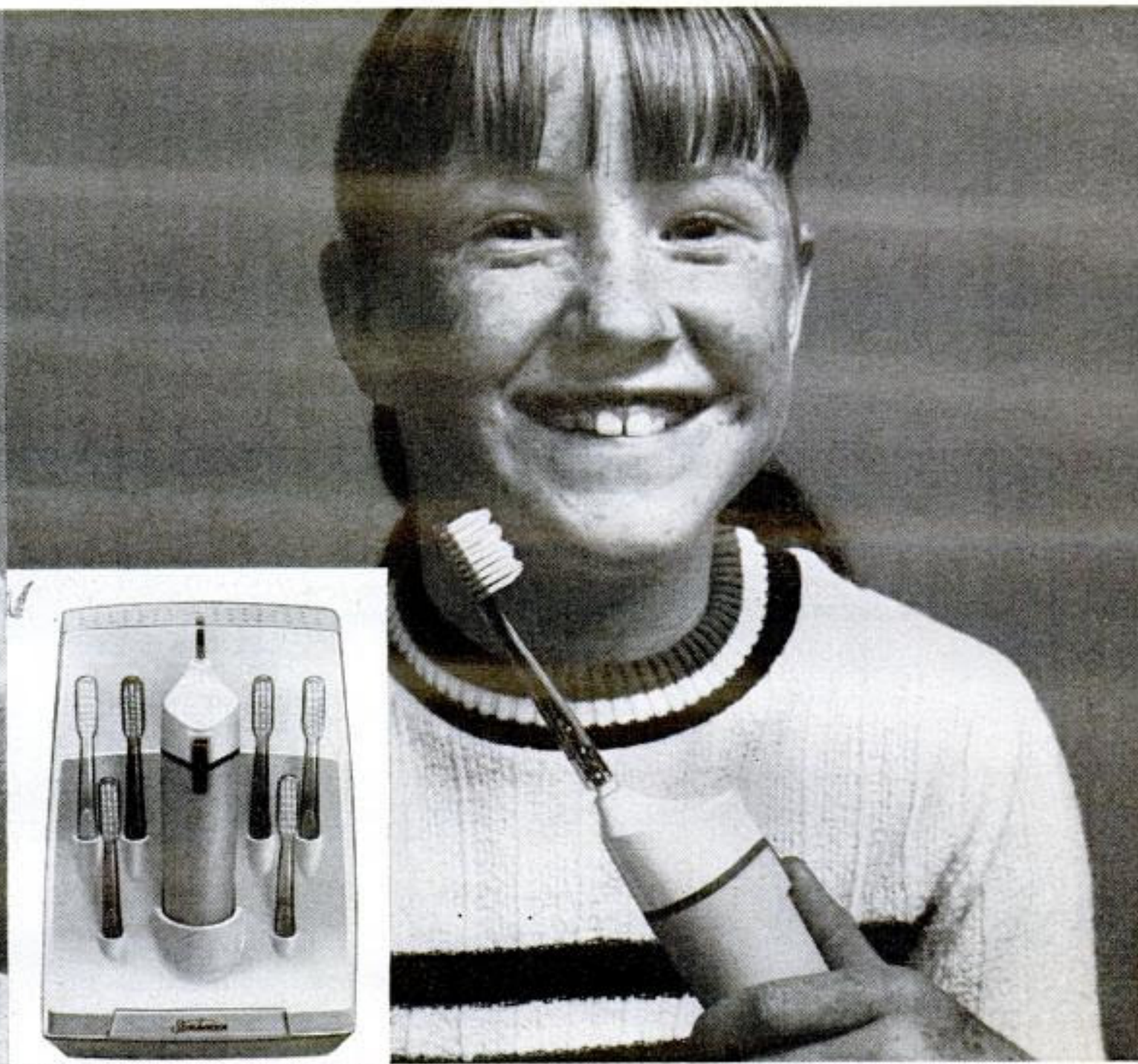
The departing cyclone left the delta villagers with the overwhelming job of trying to rebuild their lives. The first awful task was to bury the dead. In Char Jabar (left) and Noakhali (below) they waded, many still in helpless shock, through their brackish, sea-ravaged fields, stumbling across the bodies of dead relatives and neighbors. Burials were hasty and without the customary ceremony (the disaster had left scarcely enough cloth for funeral shrouds) and often in mass graves containing thousands of victims. Travel was nearly impossible for relief vehicles and, reported one observer, "the survivors themselves can barely survive."



Sunbeam for the family

For Bob who has lots of hair and a disapproving father. The Sunbeam Hair Groomer is heated to quick-dry and style his long locks. It comes with a brush, comb, and even a massager. How well it eliminates cowlicks, adds body, and un-curls! Bob will be handsome. His father may want to thank you with words or deeds. Deeds would be nice. Under \$16.00.

For Lisa who giggles so much. The Sunbeam Electric Toothbrush will get Lisa's teeth 42% cleaner than ordinary hand brushing: Serrated bristles clean every nook and cranny unserrated bristles can't reach. It goes *up and down and around all at the same time*... 1,800 strokes a minute! Won't that make her giggle twinkle. Under \$20.00.



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COVER-KARSH, OTTAWA from RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE 6-cartoon by LURIE 8, 9-GJON MILI 10-11. NELLE PONSARO; cen. TRUMAN MOORE, MARK LEWIS-CHARLES P. SHANNON for TIME; rt. ALEXANDRA LAURENCE 13-14. NBC (2); CBS-ABC; rt. CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP 16-LYNN PELHAM from RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE 20-drawing by BILL CHARMATZ 36, 37-ROGER PIC 38-HARRY BENSON exc. t. rt., cen. and bot. It. 39-HARRY BENSON 40, 43-CHARLES PHILLIPS 44, 45-FRED KAPLAN from BLACK STAR 46, 47-MICHAEL ROUGIER exc. t. rt. FRED KAPLAN from BLACK STAR 48, 49-LIFE COLLECTION-SOV-FOTO 50 through 56-LIFE COLLECTION 59-AP 63-UPI 67-PHOTO THEQUE 77-J. EDWARD BAILEY-JOHN SHEARER-CHARLES PHILLIPS 78, 79-illustration by STAN MACK 80-KARL H. MASLOWSKI from NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

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A walk through a deathly quiet countryside

To cover the story of the Pakistan disaster (pp. 26-35), LIFE Photographer Larry Burrows and part-time correspondent Hal Ellithorpe flew from Hong Kong to the East Pakistan city of Dacca, then traveled by car to Sonapur, a small town on the northern fringe of the ravaged area. From there they had to go on foot, carrying with them a small supply of hard-boiled eggs and black tea. After five grim days Ellithorpe cabled this report:

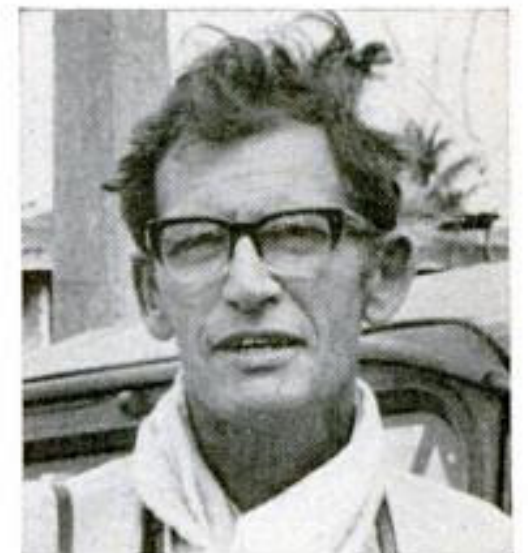
"That first walk was the weirdest I've ever taken. The countryside seemed absolutely normal. Ripe rice wafted on a sunny breeze, and the palm trees and banyans seemed untouched. And it was quiet, so quiet. Where we expected to see the typical savagery of a hurricane, with piles of debris and ripped trees, we saw only peaceful countryside. The storm had cleansed this land of its life, and left it shining.

"We walked until afternoon, meeting police burial teams, a few survivors with sad, silent faces, and some curious interlopers drawn by the morbid curiosity of mass death. The stench assailed us every few feet from dead cattle, chickens, fowl, humans lying in the canals and in the still water of the rice fields.

"At the coast we waited for a boat and crowded in with 10 other passengers trying to reach the island of Hatia which we heard had been virtually depopulated. For nearly four hours the boatmen rowed us across one of the arms of the Ganges, landing after dark. In the town we found a dingy open native café where patrons, survivors of the storm, eagerly told us of their experiences. One drew us a quite accurate map of the area, the first we had been able to get.

"The next morning we set off to tour the hardest-struck area of the island. We walked and walked, going through miles of countryside, talking to survivors, many of whom had lost everything in the storm: family, crops, houses, even bowls from which to eat.

"People called out to us, to come in, to see their personal tragedy, to be a witness of this thing which had destroyed their lives. 'Come, see this old man who has lost his four sons,' one neighbor begged us. 'Talk with my sister. She lost her husband and three boys,' said a teenage youngster. They did not plead with us for food or medicine, for we obviously carried none, but they did want us to record their loss. There was almost a fear that unless someone did, their tragedy would be ignored."



LARRY BURROWS



HAL ELLITHORPE

Ralph Graves
RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor

This One

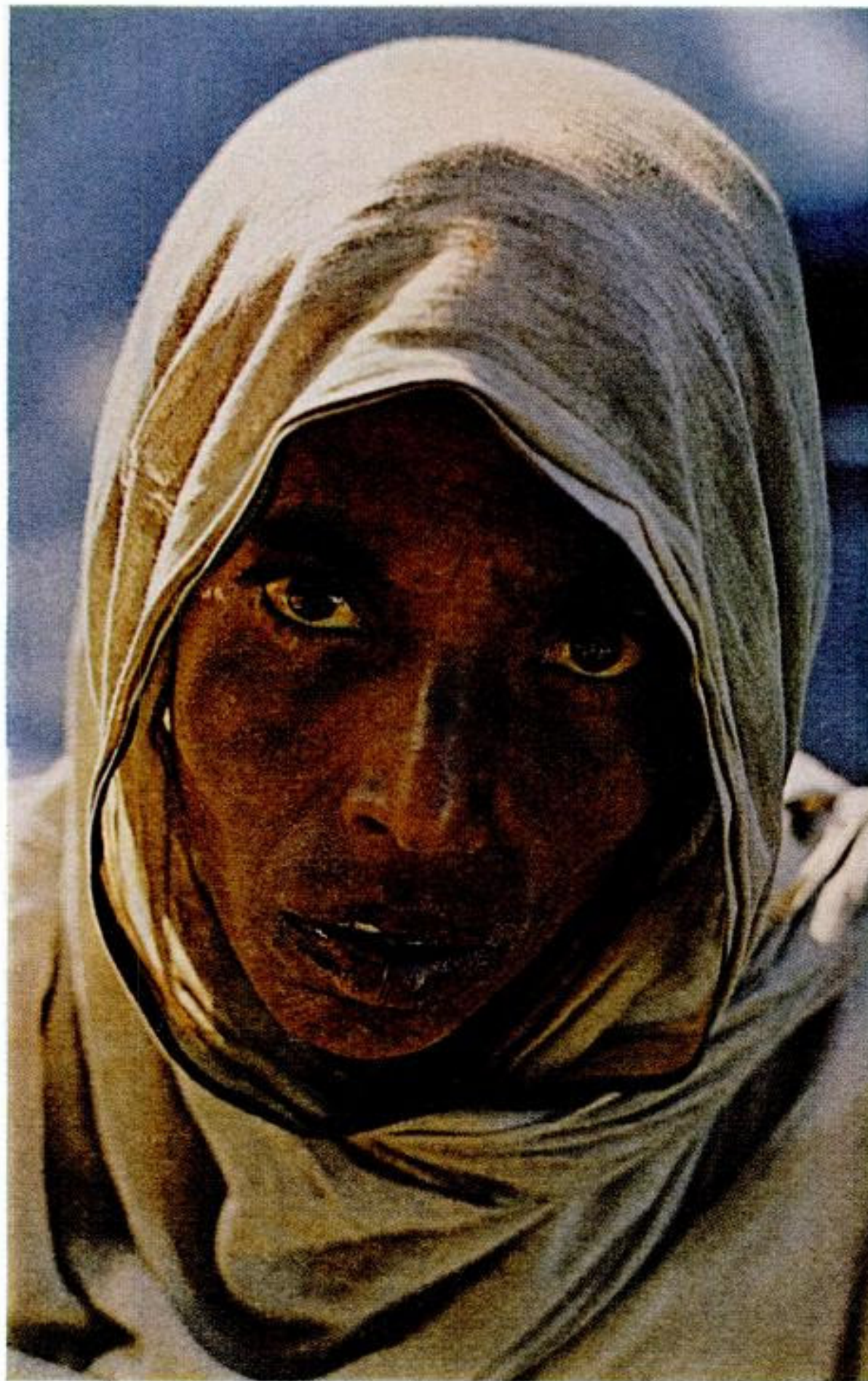


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The emptiness of disaster on her face, a starving woman waits silently for rice.

In a horror of water and mud,
survivors await help—or death

PAKISTAN

The people endured the cyclone only by chance, each one of them alone in the night, solitary amid all those panicked, screaming millions of others. Their land, the lush and thickly populated Ganges Delta of East Pakistan, sustained a catastrophe historic in its savage proportions. The government put the cost of damages, conservatively, at more than \$75 million for the 600,000 tons of rice lost, the 367,000 homes wrecked or damaged. The cost in lives will never be reckoned accurately—more than half a million has been estimated. But for those who managed to survive, statistics do not

matter. They have suffered a loss beyond all statistical meaning. Now, still alone in the sun-scorched days and the fog chill of the November nights, they try merely to survive. Driven not by hope but by tearing and undeniable hunger, they grub in the drying muck for rotting grains of rice, drink turbid water from fouled wells and wait for help—or death from starvation or cholera. Far too many to be mourned, perhaps too many even to be disposed of, the corpses wash up again and again with the tide on the black beaches of the Bay of Bengal, and the vomit smell of death is everywhere.

Photographed by LARRY BURROWS

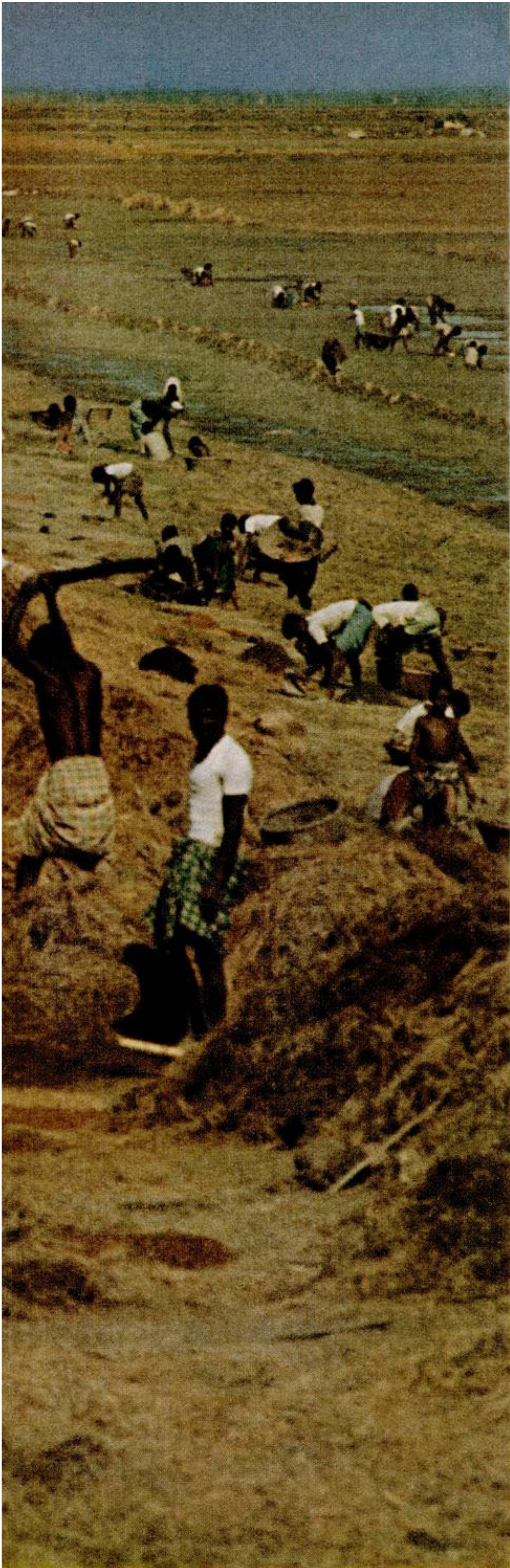
Muffled against the stench of death, a worker drags the limed body of a boy into a river for the current to carry it away.





The cyclone struck at harvesttime, soaking the cut sheaves of rice and hurling them onto a dike near the town of Sonapur. The starv-

ing villagers sift through the debris for edible grains, then carry what they find to the nearby corpse-strewn marsh for washing.



The dike (right) saved Sonapur from the full force of the storm, but crushing waves and winds slaughtered hundreds of cattle.



Outside a shanty in the village of Sazerdee, medical aide Charu Chanson Saha inoculates a child

against the cholera now spreading through the delta. He treated 500 children in one morning.

The receding waters spell only new horror. Those on the islands far offshore were simply given up. "They are as good as dead," shrugged an official. "We have to concentrate on the ones we can help." But even so, the government took three days to decide to ask for U.S. helicopters and then haggled over who would fly them. British amphibians arrived but were left parked in a warehouse, and West German medical help was refused because the government couldn't feed and house doctors and nurses. Unwilling to rise above traditional hatreds, India balked at allowing rescue flights to land and refuel, and Pakistan hesitated to lose face by begging an old enemy for mercy. Meanwhile, despair spread. "If the government and international agencies do not help us," said a villager, "we shall all have to die."





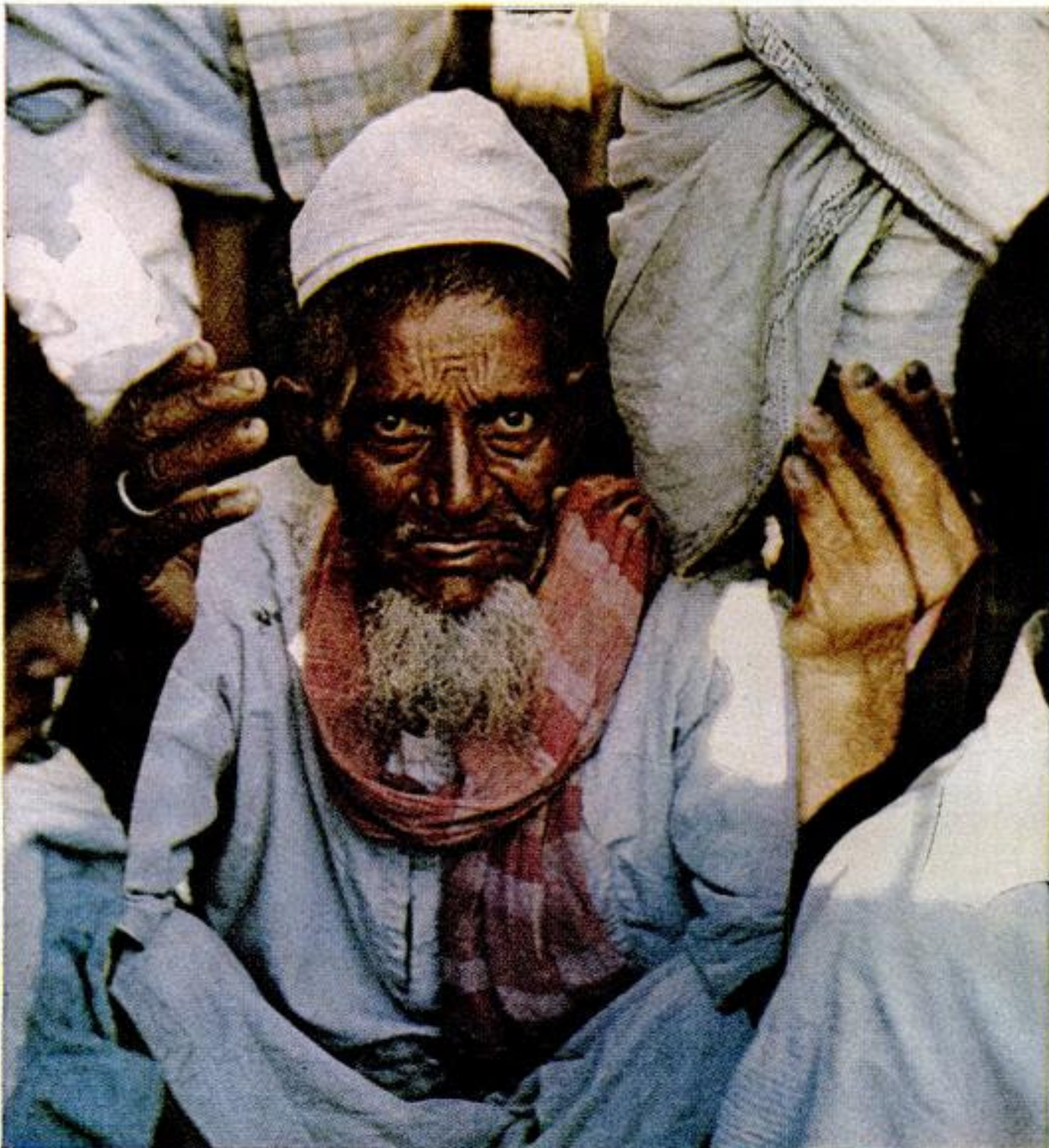
Tugging on a strip of muslin, East Pakistan police pull a swollen corpse from a river bank in Char Jublee. They sprinkled lime on the body and dragged it down to a nearby river in the hope that it would be washed into the Bay of Bengal with the tide.





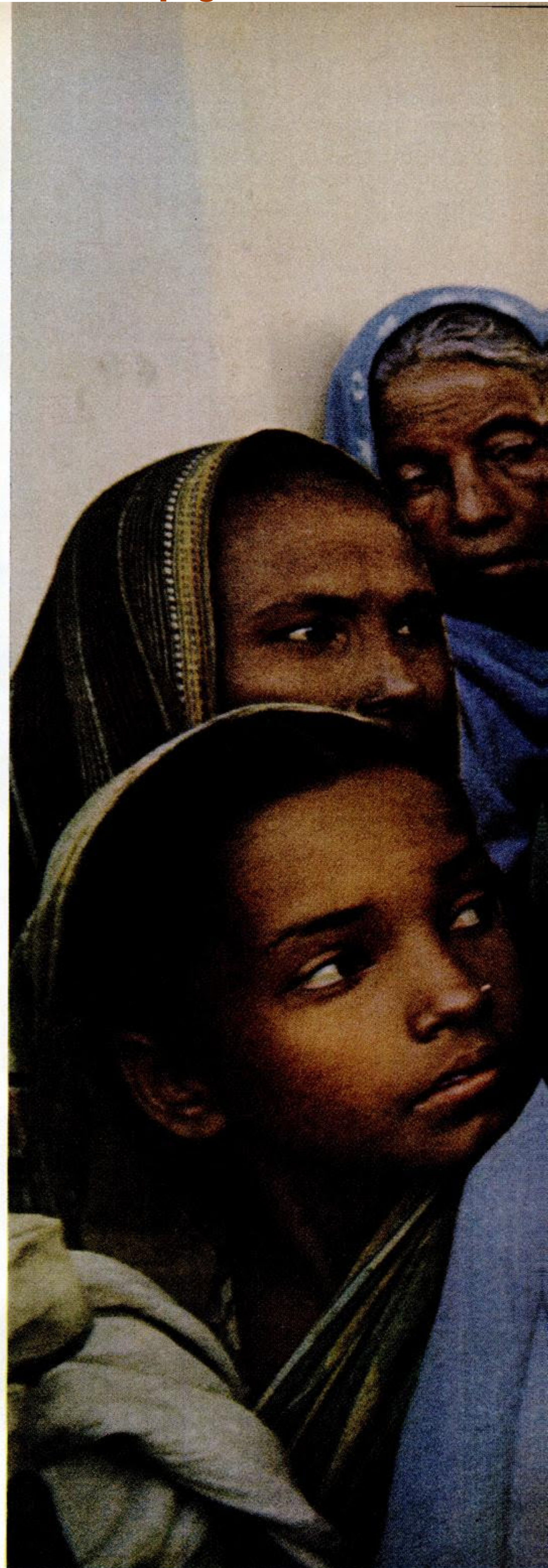
Staggering under its 200-pound weight, a youth in the town of Hattia carries a sack of rice from an oxcart to one of the few relief dis-

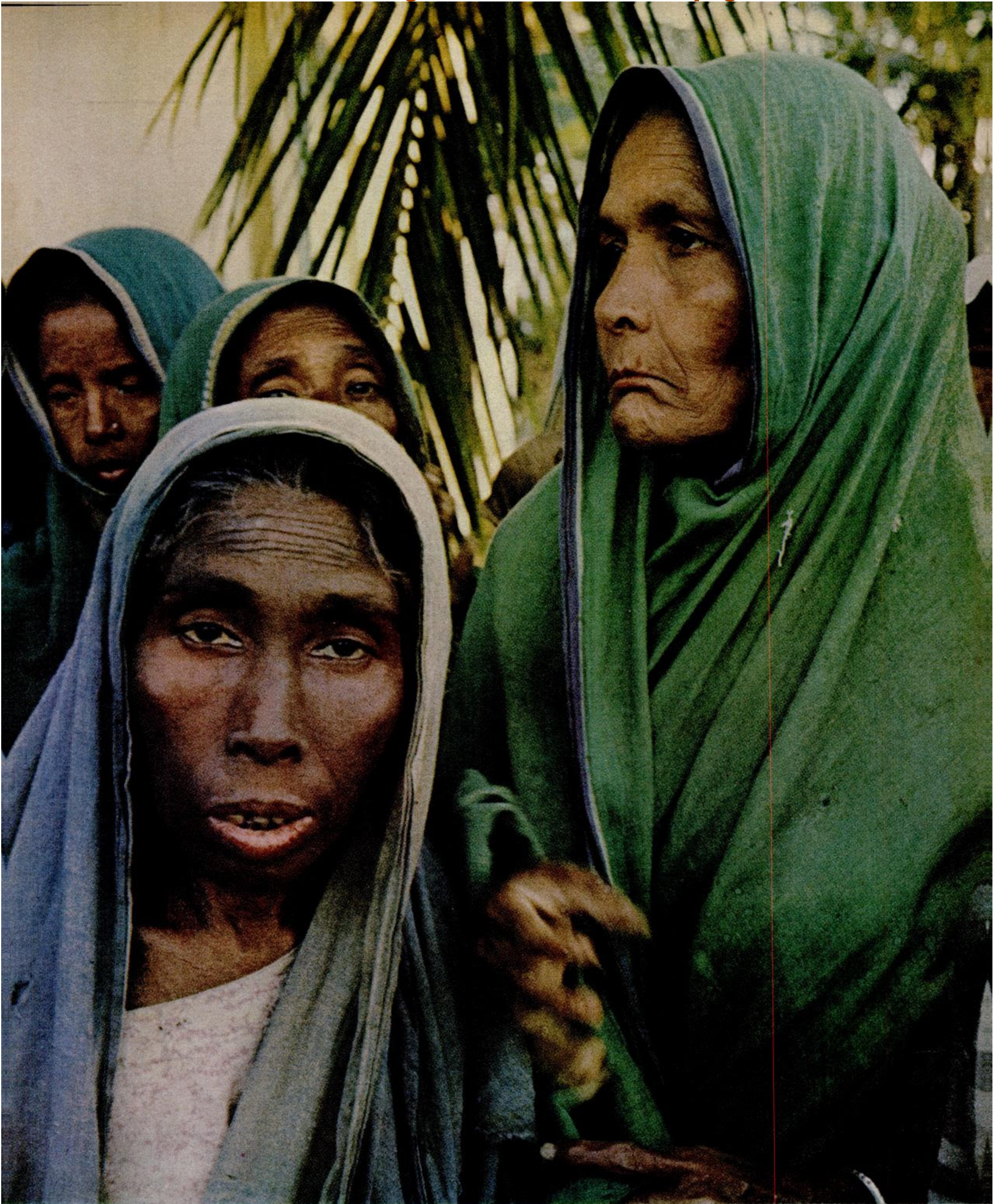
tribution centers. The rice was rationed out in six-pound lots to each family—enough to last them for two days if they used it sparingly.



Too old and weak to push his way to the front of the crowding mob of survivors, an ancient villager waits, hands outstretched, for rice.

Stolid in their misery, too tired to be afraid anymore or to weep for their lost families, women in Hattia cluster in the village plaza.







Help arrives—and Pakistanis struggle for the chance to live

Half crazed from hunger, a mob of Pakistanis surges into the stiff downdraft of a U.S. Army helicopter dropping 10-pound sacks of rice and clothing. The relief troops, airlifted from Fort Bragg, N.C., dared not land to hand out the supplies because they feared the people would storm the helicopter and injure themselves. With orderly distribution impossible, each falling sack touched off a wild struggle for possession—and for life.



Pakistan Faces



Drained by hunger and disease, Pakistani men line up (above) in an Indian village to draw food ration cards.

Overloaded with desperate refugees, an Indian bus passes the abandoned corpse of an infant killed by cholera.

refugees endure chaos and cholera

Emptied of All Hope



The Bengali villager lowered the handkerchief from his mouth long enough to mutter one word, "cholera," and hurried on his way. The deserted crossroads in Indian West Bengal was only three miles from the East Pakistan border. Over that border, for weeks now, terrified and dispirited refugees had been streaming in search of sanctuary from the brutality of West Pakistani soldiers. The short-lived state of Bangla Desh

was dead, but among these sorry folk the dying continued.

To the left of the crossroads lay Karimpur, a refugee camp abandoned when cholera erupted among the 15,000 East Pakistanis sheltering there. Leaving 700 dead lying in the open, the survivors had fled in panic. The cholera traveled with them.

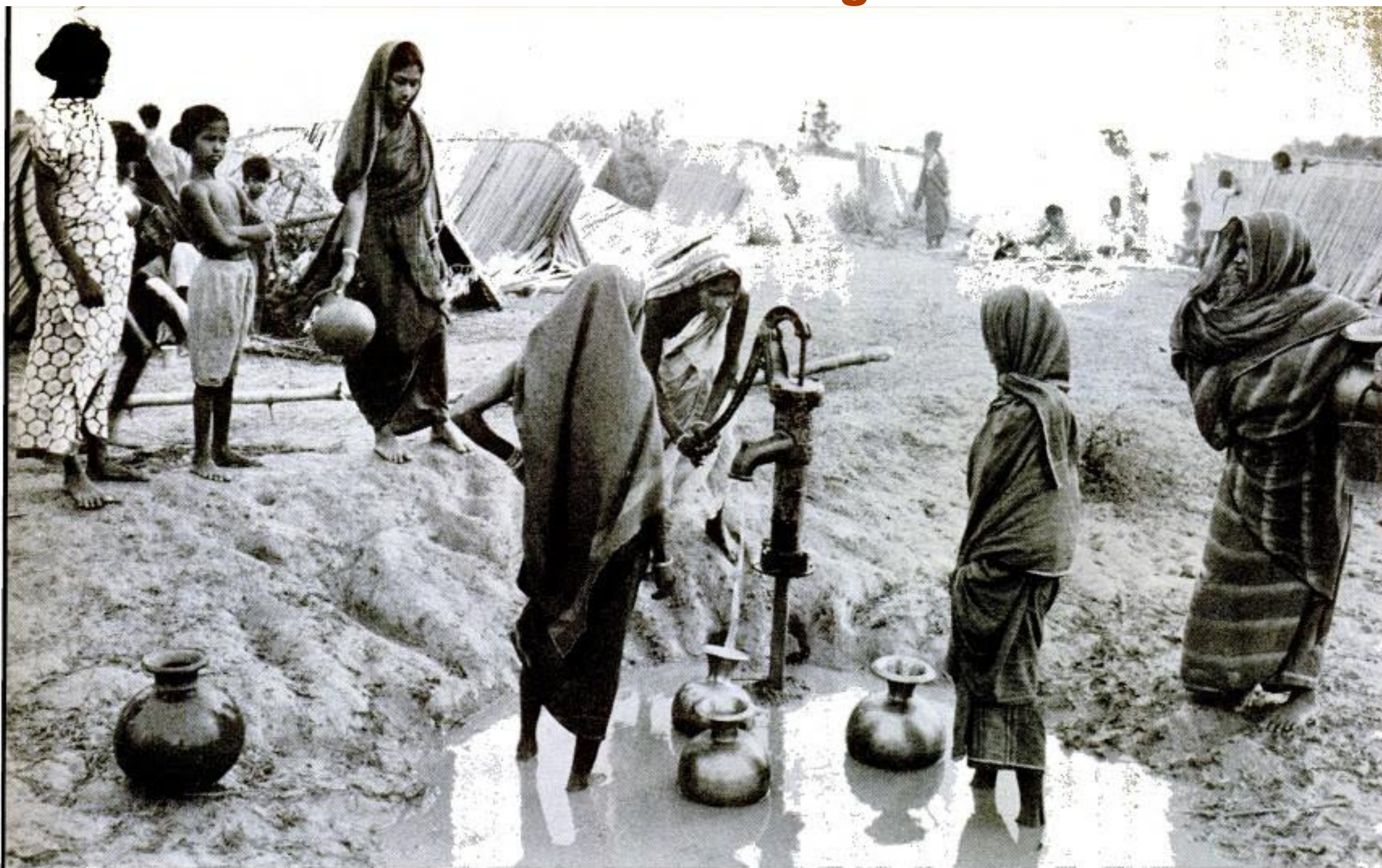
Vultures in a brooding, strutting flock brought sickening certainty that this road we drove along was no innocent country thor-

oughfare. The flesh-eaters were glossy, repulsively replete. Further on appeared the first of many piles of discarded clothing, sadly eloquent of the cholera victims who needed them no longer. Then through the car window came a breath of tainted air, the cloying reek of death unseen yet certain somewhere out there in the rice field. We passed the corpse of a baby, the clean-picked skeleton of a young child, and then dead refugees wrapped in mats and saris and look-

CONTINUED

Text by JOHN SAAR

Photographed by MARK GODFREY



At a refugee camp near Krishnanagar (above), women fill water jars from a pump. In many places, thirsty refugees have used water from roadside ponds contaminated with the cholera bacillus.

'They are dying so fast that we can't keep count'

CONTINUED

ing like parcels fallen from a speeding truck. A single-decker bus ground along, people crammed tightly inside and perhaps 70 more clinging to finger-holds on the back and roof. Above the mouths masked with hands or cloth, the eyes were frightened. A stream of vomit abruptly gushed from a window. Cholera travels easily.

"They are dying in such numbers we can't even keep count," said an Indian social worker who hitched a ride with us. "It could have been avoided if the government had told them where to go. But they just kept walking and walking in the hot sun. They became exhausted. They drank from infected

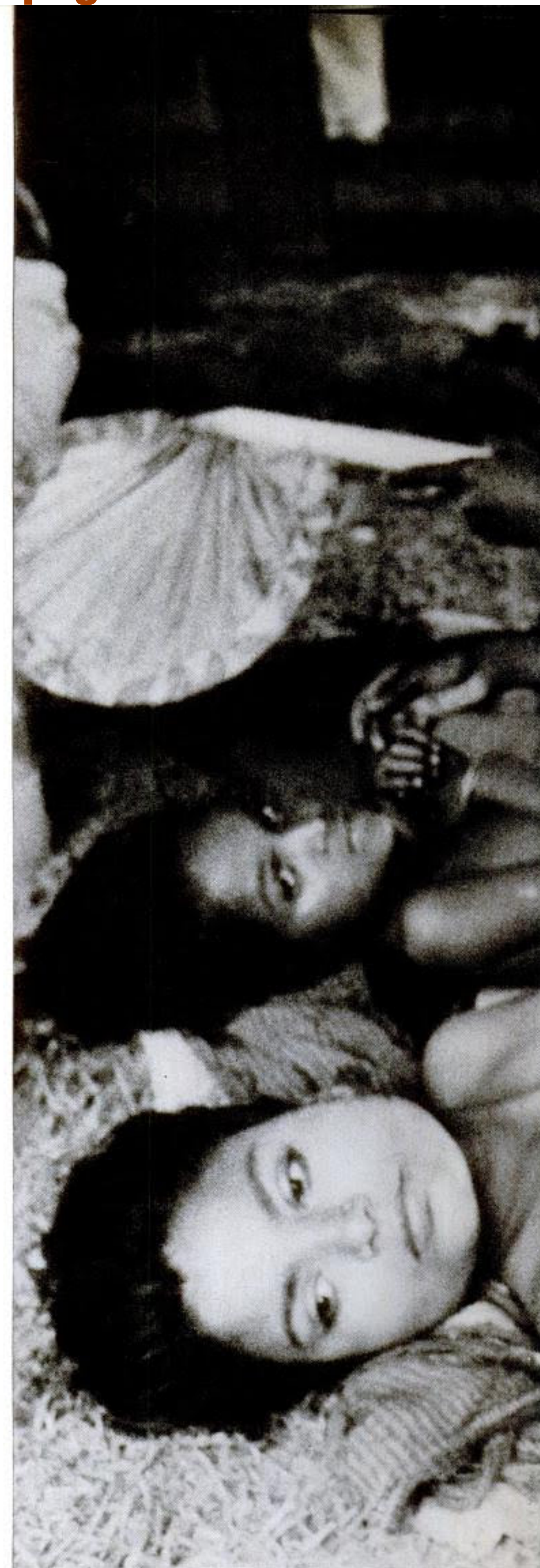
pools. Often they die in a single day because they are so weak."

The very beauty of the countryside, primed to greenness by premonsoon rains, majestic banyans and pools bright with blue-flowering lilies, seemed to mock the tragic human affairs in its midst. At the village of Kanthali a crowd of refugees argued and pleaded for places on a truck. Those already sick lay on the roadside in pathetic family tableaux of despair. For them money could not buy transport, so the still healthy haggled for the right to survival. The only hope for the dying was to reach a hospital in Krishnanagar. In the villages along the road neither vaccine nor medicine was available. Carried on improvised stretchers, ox carts and rickshas, cholera victims converged on the hospital. Those who were not dead on arrival were taken beneath the bamboo-and-canvas marquee and placed on the grass to fight for life. Hollow-eyed and only semi-conscious in the listless torpor of total exhaustion, they lay and retched. Relatives fanned the black fog of flies from their faces. Among them, hearteningly calm and well-laundered, nurses with life-saving bottles of intravenous saline solution moved through the great tent's sweltering dimness. Perhaps half the patients were children. One little girl lay arms akimbo, her wide-open eyes dulled by death. "She was about 7 years old and our ambulance found her dying alone," explained the staff nurse. "It was too late." A fatigued doctor lapsed into hand-wringing incoherence, "... the wretched condition of these people . . . we were not ready . . . even a sick dog or cat gets better treatment . . . we feel we have failed them."

Dr. S. Chakravertoy, government medical officer



East Pakistani refugees fled across the border into India at many points. Many are concentrated near Krishnanagar, an area ravaged by cholera.



at the hospital, attributed the rapid spread of the cholera epidemic to sanitation problems and the refugees' vulnerability. "Many of them have walked barefoot for 300 miles without adequate food or water. The whole town has been soiled by them. Krishnanagar has become a town of fear." Because new cases were certain to double the load in a day or two, a second tent was put up at Krishnanagar. After three days of treatment, those who survived were being moved into the new tent to make room for desperately ill arrivals.

The scale of the disaster across this swath of India (see map) is staggeringly hard to comprehend. Cholera is only the first epidemic; it now afflicts areas along the entire 1,350-mile India-East Pakistan boundary. Doctors point to the possibility of small-



In a steamy, crowded hospital emergency tent at Krishnanagar, a man comforts his cholera-stricken wife. In less than a week, 70 died there.

pox, typhoid and polio in the offing. With the refugee total mounting daily, an estimated 4.5 million East Bengalis have fled into India. More than three million of them have surged into this small sector of West Bengal, itself a state which has over a million unemployed, plus the urban sinkhole of Calcutta. It is as though the entire populations of New Jersey and Connecticut had suddenly migrated to New York. In West Bengal alone, deaths from cholera and gastroenteritis have been officially placed at 3,000, but unofficial estimates range up to 8,000. Refugees are reported breaking through cordons placed around Calcutta, raising the likelihood of cholera there.

There are as many tales of sorrow and persecution at the hands of the West Pakistani troops as

there are people trudging the burning hot roads. "They surrounded our village on three sides and set fire to it. When we ran out they fired with machine guns and killed many." And from a girl whose eyes streamed tears: "They chased after us and one tried to hit me with his *lathi* [stick]. I had my baby over my shoulder and the blow crushed his head."

Many of the uprooted are aged. One such couple moved at a painful pace, the old man hobbling on a crippled left leg and a wizened old lady bent double and edging along on a 15-inch-long stick. They had not known each other before, but both had been separated from their families in the confusion of escape. "We are consolation for one another," the old man explained. "We beg for food and walk before the sun gets hot." Two nights later our head-

lights caught the body of an old man. We wondered and stopped, but it was not the same man.

From their different stories a terrible picture emerged. The initial Pakistani army attempt to crush the Bangla Desh independence movement by killing its leaders had apparently bloomed into a full-scale religious attack on East Pakistan's Hindu minority. In recent weeks almost all of the refugees have been Hindus evicted from their homes by Muslims acting under the orders and threats of the army.

Booty-hunting Pakistani soldiers intercept refugees before they cross into India and rob them of

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

An old man lies dying of cholera in a refugee camp, a victim of the desperate shortage of medical supplies and food. So far at least eight nations, including the U.S., have announced plans to help, but the magnitude of the crisis dwarfs even major efforts. Certain kinds of aid will inevitably arrive too late. Officials believe that cholera vaccine is already virtually useless, given the rapid spread of the epidemic. A bacterial disease usually transmitted by poor sanitation and contaminated water, cholera causes violent diarrhea and vomiting, quickly dehydrating the victim. Intravenous infusions of saline solution, if given in time, can work. With inadequate treatment, however, the refugees have been dying so fast that survivors are unable to cremate them according to Hindu custom. At best, they are buried in hastily dug graves that are often dug up by ravenous dogs and jackals.





Rising waters and a wait for no rice

CONTINUED

cash, clothes and jewelry. They have even taken cooking pots and snatched saris from the shoulders of fleeing women. The worst allegations of the kidnapping, detention and mass rape of girls are not conclusively proved. Yet many families allege their daughters were carried off, and a relative shortage of young girls in the refugee camps has been noted.

A fresh terror is the monsoon rains. Seven days ago 20,000 people moved onto a bleak open field only 30 miles from Calcutta. They were to be the occupants of a new camp called Kalyani Five. The ground was dry, but the monsoon was imminent and the shawl of gray sky overhead was bruised and ominous. The only shelter available was rough-sewn bulrush mats. Even as these were being distributed, sheets of rain hurled by gale-force southwest winds swept over the field. For the three million or more refugees who live in low-lying camps like Kalyani, time began to run out.

The pounding rain beat Kalyani Five to a liquid mud, searching for the chinks in the frail improvised tents, reducing the refugees to a state of sodden, shivering misery. Lightning flashes revealed whole families intertwined for warmth. Children, many of them naked, whimpered from the wet and the 15° drop in temperature. As waters crept higher, poisonous snakes came among the people.

Meanwhile, under a phalanx of threadbare umbrellas, men gathered in a surging mass around the only relatively permanent shelter in Kalyani Five, a bamboo-and-canvas structure housing the rice supply. For men whose families had not eaten for three or four days, food was tantalizingly close. They patiently queued and requeued throughout the day. But there was no rice issue—the only officer with the necessary authority failed to show up.

The episode was unfortunately typical of the way the creaky Indian bureaucracy has hampered the most well-meant attempts to help. Coupled with the slow and as yet pathetically inadequate response of Western nations (the U.S. came through initially with a mere \$2.5 million but has since allotted an additional \$15 million), it offers many refugees hope for little more than slightly delayed death. Already there are numerous cases of rice supplies running out, of starving families denied aid because their papers were incorrectly stamped.

The man responsible for Kalyani Five is the magistrate of Nadia District in West Bengal, Dipak Ghosh, an energetic 34-year-old whose eyes are

dark-ringed from the strain of caring for 600,000 refugees. "Kalyani is on our conscience. We just cannot give them shelter. I make 12 trunk calls and send 14 telegrams every day for tarpaulins, but there are none to be had."

Ghosh has fought hard and will fight on, but he is unmistakably weary and dispirited: "Can we cope? The civil administration ceased to be able to cope long ago. The influx was under control until two weeks back, but since then the roads have been so jammed with refugees we could not get through and it's total chaos." Dropping his hand to the desk in resignation, he added, "I don't know what will happen. I feel physically sick when I see these children without any clothes lying on the wet ground. Clearly, many of them will die."

Ghosh and others believe that the problem is vastly beyond the capability of the administration, and that the Indian army must step in. All other work in Nadia, for instance, has been stopped to free staff for the refugees. And worse is yet to come. Even under dry-season conditions, the sheer cost of handling the refugees mounted to eight million rupees a day (\$10,664). This, for a nation whose per capita income is among the lowest in the world, is a major imposition. It has inspired talk of radical alternatives by the Indian government. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has given notice that India is unwilling to accept the refugees on any but a short-term basis. Hawks are talking about a war that would force Pakistan to stop expelling refugees and to accept the return to their homes of refugees already in India.

In the refugee-clogged districts social tensions are reaching a flash point, although the sympathy of the West Bengalis for the newcomers has so far been enormous. In the village of Kanthali, for instance, a tubby, globe-faced man named Nalini Mohan Biswas, who runs a farming and trading business, welcomed 125 cholera victims into the courtyard of his home when they collapsed while passing through town. Biswas himself was unprotected by a vaccination. Even so, he nursed the stricken refugees so conscientiously that only four died.

But such rare and extraordinary efforts are only pinpoints in a vast tragedy. Narayan Desai, secretary of a national volunteer group, has no doubts about the gravity and explosiveness of the refugee issue: "I see a series of calamities, beginning with huge health problems. I imagine that thousands will die every day. Perhaps it is already too late." ■





At left, refugees who have crowded onto land at the edge of Calcutta's Dum Dum Airport huddle on the slightly raised roadway to wait for food rations. No ration cards were issued for three days because Indian officials claimed that the refugees were a hazard to aviation. The 40,000 in the crowded camp must share 150 latrines. Below, at Camp Kalyani near Calcutta, a man pleads with hungry refugees clamoring for rice. They waited all day, but the rice was never issued.



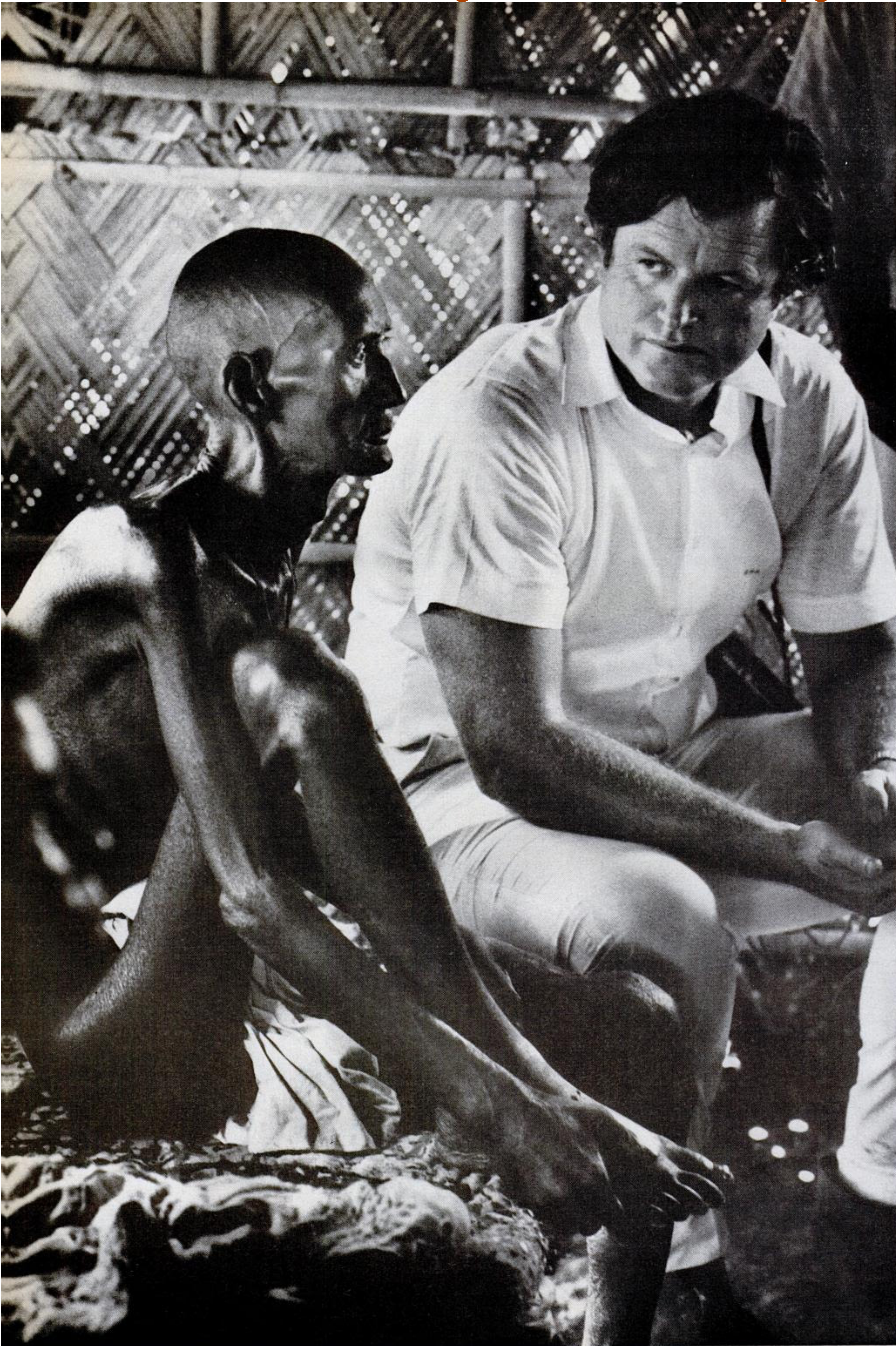
The merciless assault of wind and cold



monsoon rain



Using rush mats because there are no tarpaulins available, refugees try to shield themselves from rain and whipping winds. In normal times, with the temperature commonly reaching 90°, children often run around naked. Now, exposed to the cold rain and the mud, they are particularly susceptible to pneumonia. Like many areas where refugees are now living, this one will be under two feet of water when the monsoons end in late July.



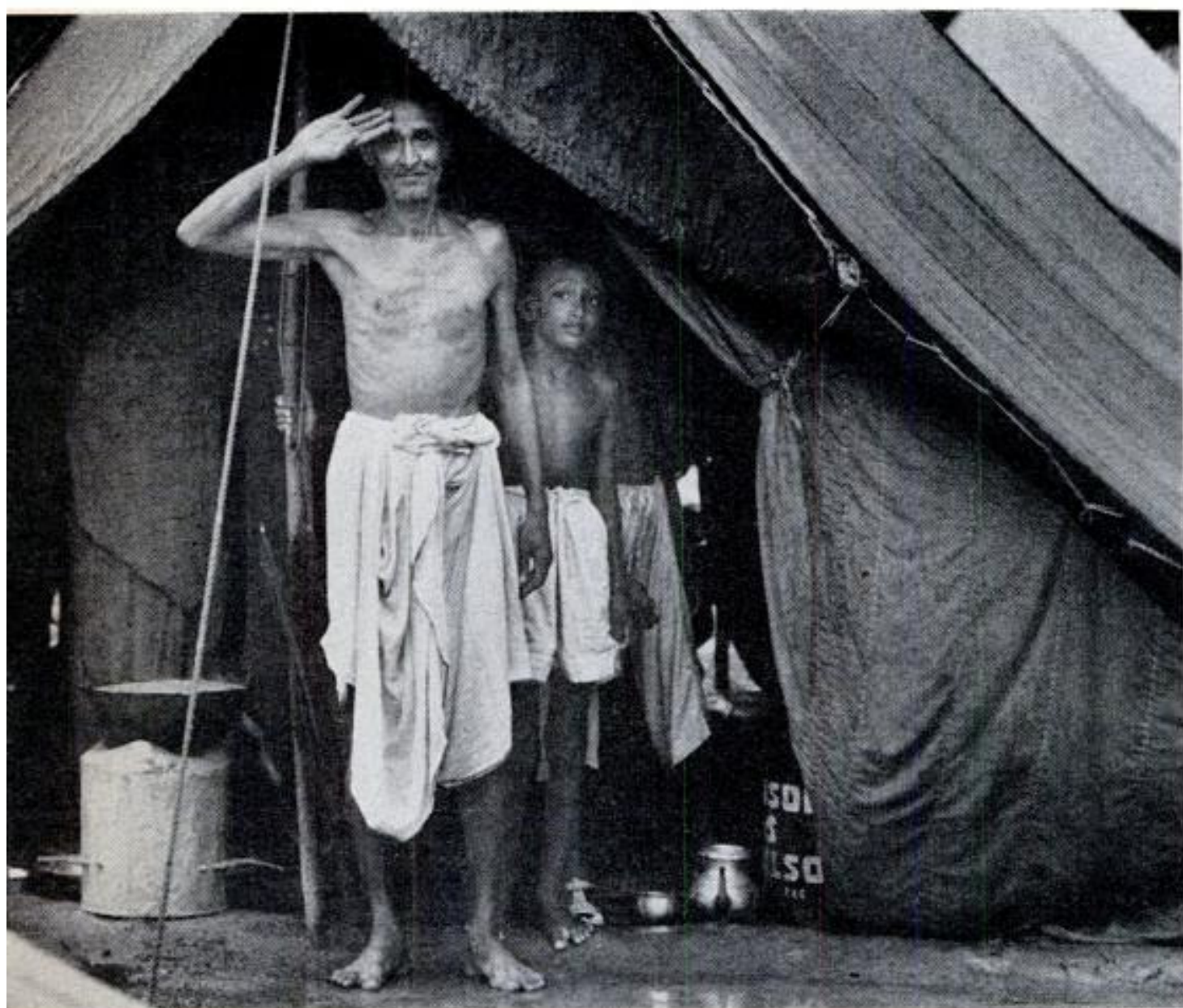
Touring a Pakistani refugee camp, Senator Kennedy pauses for a word with a 65-year-old man (left), wasted by diarrhea, who explained that he had been constantly hungry for four months. At another camp, an emaciated refugee saluted Senator Kennedy with a smile.



Photographed by **DICK SWANSON**

A fact-finding mission to the refugee camps of north India

KENNEDY'S SEARING TRIP THROUGH PAKISTANI GRIEF



"Zindabad Kin-a-dee!" ("Long live Kennedy!") roared the huge, ragged crowds of Pakistani refugees as, with clenched fists upraised, they hailed the arrival of Senator Edward Kennedy in the refugee camps of northeast India. The senator, who is chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Refugees, was in India for a quick fact-gathering, whistle-stop tour of the camps. But the joyful welcome and enthusiastic expectations of the refugees rapidly turned the trip into a searing personal experience, as all the hopes and sorrows of a desperate people were brought to focus on him. The refugees, now counting almost eight million, huddled in the monsoon mud, dying from malnutrition, cholera and pneumonia, and nursing the wounds of battle. Still pouring over the East Pakistan border at a rate of 35,000 a day, they show no inclination to return home until the army occupation is ended, their leader Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman is released from West Pakistan (where he is now on trial for his life) and East Pakistan is guaranteed a measure of independence. To these people Kennedy seemed a ray of hope, and perhaps a powerful ally. His trip included a secret meeting with the provisional prime minister of Bangla Desh, but he was denied a visa to enter Pakistan itself. Kennedy left India sounding as if he intended to initiate decisive action back home. "We are providing millions of dollars in military aid to West Pakistan," he said, "and blood money to look after the refugees."



Crowds of refugees wave and chant as Kennedy arrives for a camp tour. At first the welcomes were clearly well organized, but when he made some unplanned and unannounced visits later in his trip, he was received with as much enthusiasm.

Almost 300,000

"Many of the children in the camps Kennedy visited were in the last stages of malnutrition," reports correspondent John Saar, who accompanied the senator on his trip. "They lay with rib frames exposed like birdcages, or sat like an empty purse on their rumps." Kennedy discovered that almost 300,000 of the children in the 1,150 refugee camps need immediate nutritional rehabilitation. Without it, most will



At a camp eight miles from Calcutta, Senator Kennedy crouches in the doorway of a cell-like room to ask a mother about her two undernourished babies (above). During a tour of refugee hospitals, which were filled

with hundreds of dying children, Kennedy paused by the bed of a baby (right) lying motionless with an unblinking stare. A nurse told him that parents only brought children to the hospital when they were almost dead.



children who may die without nutrition

die, and many of the survivors will be blind or mentally retarded from vitamin deficiency.

Kennedy wasted no time in beginning his tours. Within an hour of his arrival in Calcutta, the first Indian flies settled on his white handmade shirt as he squatted under the broiling sun, questioning an old lady before her hutch of twigs and grass. Everywhere he went, people stopped him to tell stories of personal

and family tragedy, but reactions to misfortune varied. Some refugees seemed resigned to the horrors they had experienced, but most of the young men still nourished a fierce sense of nationhood. Beside an old lady, shriveled and dying in the rain, a hysterical son spat angrily, "I want to go back and fight. Our country is being run by animals." In one overcrowded hospital, Kennedy saw a child with shrapnel

splinters in his chest, a girl who had been raped and then shot by the West Pakistanis, a woman who had been shot in the stomach, a boy with an arm full of bone splinters. The cumulative effect of four days of such sights left Kennedy deeply shocked and depressed. "It was much worse than I expected," he said. "I have a collection of personal observations and experiences that have really burned into my soul."



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DECEMBER 10, 1971

India takes up the cause of the Bengalis with
In Pakistan, now



aid and an invasion

it's war

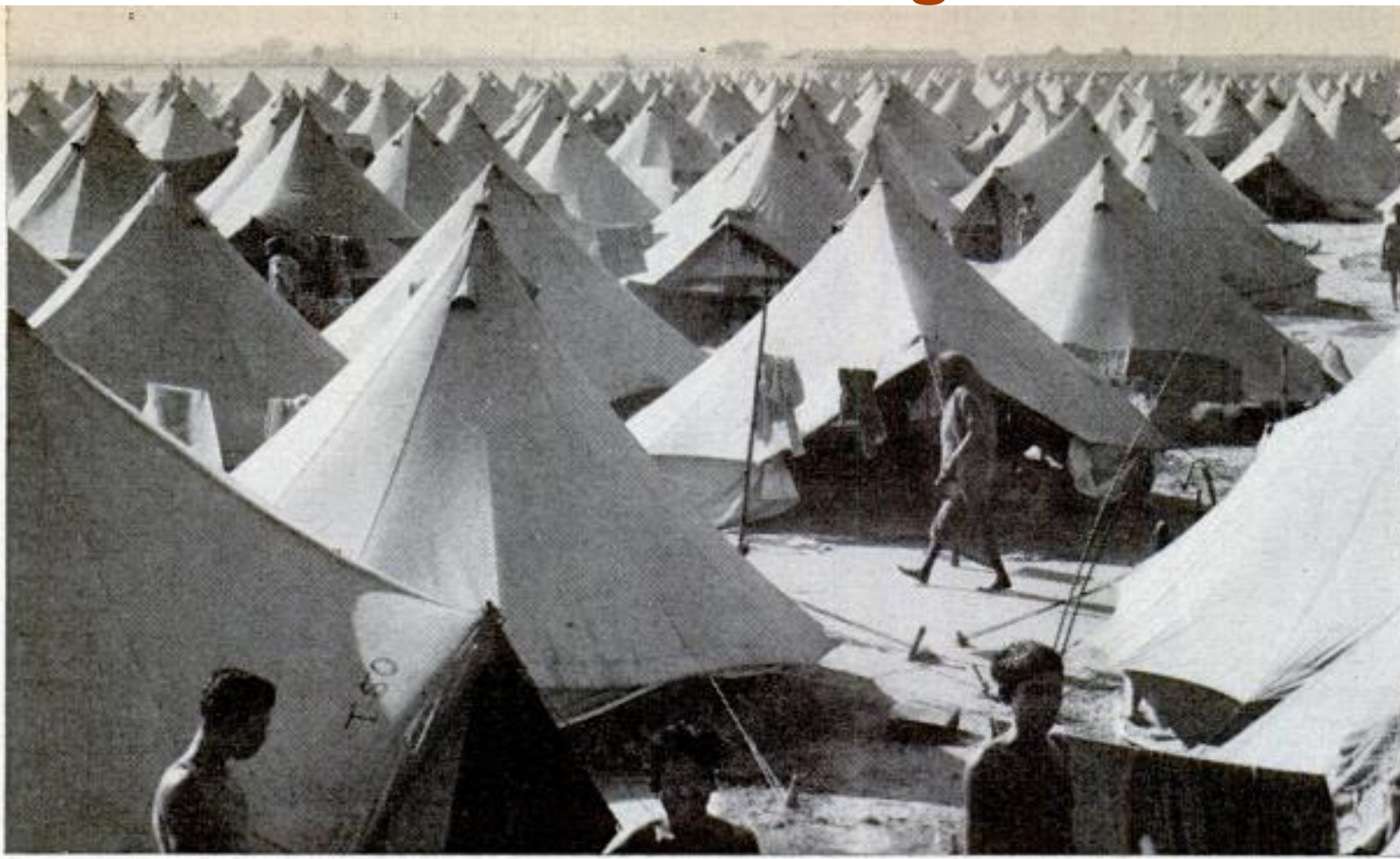


Several miles inside East Pakistan, Pakistani troops drag away the stiff corpse of an Indian soldier. General Niazi, resting comfortably on his shooting stick, has no qualms about the threat from India: "We can beat the Indians when they outnumber us three to one."

Unofficially we are at war," declared General A.A.K. Niazi, West Pakistan's spit-and-polish senior military officer in East Pakistan. But with just whom was a matter of debate. In fact, the enemy appeared to consist of virtually the whole population of East Pakistan, plus contingents of the Indian army which crossed the border two weeks ago and stayed there. With India's intervention, the already tragic East Pakistan situation slid yet nearer to another futile and exhausting Asian war, this time between two of the poorest nations on earth.

East and West Pakistan have Mohammedanism in common, but little else. The two parts of the country are a thousand miles apart, and the rough Punjabis and Pathans of the West, who run the government and fill the ranks of the army, feel contempt for the slender, dark-skinned Bengalis of the East. The crisis began months ago when the Pakistani army crushed a powerful independence movement in East Pakistan, arrested its leader and instituted a military reign of terror. Hordes of Bengali refugees flooded into India—nine million of them, according to New Delhi. It was this intolerable burden that brought the Indian army in—along with, perhaps, a chance to sneak a blow at their old enemy while it was having trouble. The Indians at first denied having attacked, until casualties (left) and captives proved otherwise. Then they said they were merely raiding the border to silence Pakistani batteries that were shelling Indian villages. Ominously, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi termed the mere presence of West Pakistani troops anywhere in East Pakistan "a threat to our security."

So far the half-war is being fought with quaint Sandhurstian echoes of team spirit and stiff upper lip, and with old-fashioned weapons and tactics ill suited to East Pakistan's watery terrain. A greater threat than the Indians (although Pakistan professes to despise it) lies deep within Pakistani lines. There, thousands of Mukti Bahini, Indian-trained Bengali "freedom fighters," are slowly preparing a guerrilla war of the kind that military minds like General Niazi's, despite the object lesson of Vietnam, seem unable to cope with or even comprehend.



In tent cities (left) springing up a few miles within India, thousands of East Pakistani volunteers are openly trained to fight as guerrillas. In some camps they drill with wooden rifles. In others (right), they lack even these.





Thirty miles inside East Pakistan, Mukti Bahini (below) display their determination and weird weaponry, which includes World War II bolt-action Enfields and modern light automatics, some captured from the enemy.

Hunting for Mukti Bahini behind the lines

by JOHN SAAR

DACCA

Make sure you have a Bengali driver," we were advised when we began our search for the Mukti Bahini, the East Pakistan guerrillas. Out past the airport, where stripped-out PIA Boeing 707s bring in uniformed replacements from Karachi and take out wounded soldiers with the civilian passengers, we pass two checkpoints with curt nods from Pakistani soldiers and a third after a cursory search. "They are so rude," says our guide Ishaque, ignoring the fact that we are after all off to meet their enemy. The country loosens his tongue and he talks about the inevitability of Bangla Desh, Free Bengal.

"All the people are for it now. And they are ready to pay the price. People do not speak about how their homes were burned, they only say how many West Pakistanis were killed. My 15-year-old son Daud joined the guerrillas. We told him not to but he went, and when I asked him, 'Aren't you afraid?' he said, 'No, my gun will speak for me.'"

Four hours in a boat, a pointed wooden sliver powered by a tireless boatman with whipcord arms, through an idyllic waterscape alive with fish and fowl. There is smoke on the horizon and the reason is gradually picked up in shouted exchanges with passing boats. "They burned those four villages yesterday because they were sheltering Mukti Bahini." More news from a man mending a fish trap and Ishaque says, "There are Mukti in that boat over there." As we approach they start to paddle furiously but Ishaque persuades them to wait and we talk to them. They have been traveling for 11 days and nights, from the Indian border to the East Pakistani interior. They produce automatic rifles and submachine guns of British design and explain they were trained to use them by Indian army and Mukti Bahini instructors. Up until now guerrilla activity has been concentrated close to the sources of sanctuary and resupply along the Indian borders. Ishaque is concerned about the possibility of internal fighting among the Mukti Bahini. There are three groups represented in the independence forces: the pro-Bangla Desh, the independents and the Communist extremists. "They have an agreement now to fight the common enemy but I do not know what will happen in the future."

The boat trip is of staggering beauty: minnows skipping along the surface flash as momentary diamonds, and porpoises plunge and frolic as the sun sets. Yet there is discord and unease. Distant shots startle wild duck to flight and set a flock of cranes wheeling and swooping like papers before a fan. In the twilight people are on the move, yelling to one another in alarm, carrying their pos-

CONTINUED



'We will win with our own hands'

CONTINUED

sessions to their boats, leaving their villages for safety. Only who knows where safety lies? Unlike the battlewise Vietnamese, these people are helpless, bewildered, unable to sense the answer to a threat.

The darkness leads to a village and the home of a schoolteacher who delivers an eloquent and ordered disquisition on the differences of language, race, culture and climate separating the two Pakistans. That a successful man of middle years with family position and security to lose should wholeheartedly ally himself with the guerrillas seems impressive. He sends for the young men and in minutes they stand behind him shoulder to shoulder, a crescent of strong faces, teeth and protuberant cheekbones gleaming in the dim glow of a hurricane lamp. The words stumble out in faltering English but nothing can destroy the strength and passion of the message. "We don't want the Indians to help us. We will win our own country," one of the group says, raising his clenched fists, "with our own hands."

The next morning we set off before dawn to walk to a village where, we were told, 300 Mukti were holed up getting ready for an operation against a major target. We were still three miles away when over the noises of a waking hamlet—the pounding of rice and the crackling of kindling—we hear the machine guns. The metronome bursts of automatic fire seep through the dawn mist like muffled drums and we know it for what it is, a thoroughly professional half-light attack by the Pakistani army. For the first time Ishaque tells us that his son is in the village, and lapses into worried distraction. We keep moving through well-kept hamlets with rich grain fields and tethered goats and cows. Outside each highly combustible home stand stricken family groups staring in the direction of the firing. A cyclist races past, wheels bouncing recklessly off the tree roots, and then four hurrying Mukti openly carrying their weapons. They explain that the Pakistani army has surrounded the village, killed the guards and brought in mortar fire. They were all too surprised to fight back, they say, and everyone had tried to run. Ishaque asks after his son. They have no news and he turns away.

The firing is coming steadily closer and the Mukti advise retreating to another village where more of their comrades are to meet. There, in a motley group of 30 or so, badly shaken and carrying little more than their ammunition, Ishaque finds his missing son.

On the long way back Ishaque tells how his son is hard hit by the loss of three good friends. "I asked him to come home, but he didn't want to. I said, 'Come home and when you have some ammunition and the leader reorganizes, then you can go back.'"

Taking shelter under a banyan tree in a camp just inside India are two of the war's saddest victims, refugee women from East Pakistan.



The Year in Pictures 1971

EAST PAKISTAN

The anguished birth of Bangladesh

Over all the earth in the year 1971, no place and no people suffered more terribly than East Pakistan and its tormented inhabitants. Their suffering clings to our minds. Yet out of that span of utter misery a kind of hope emerged at last, because on a day in mid-December East Pakistan itself ceased to exist. In its place stood a new state called Bangladesh (Bengal Nation), enormously crowded, bitterly poor, the eighth most populous country in the world—but finally independent.

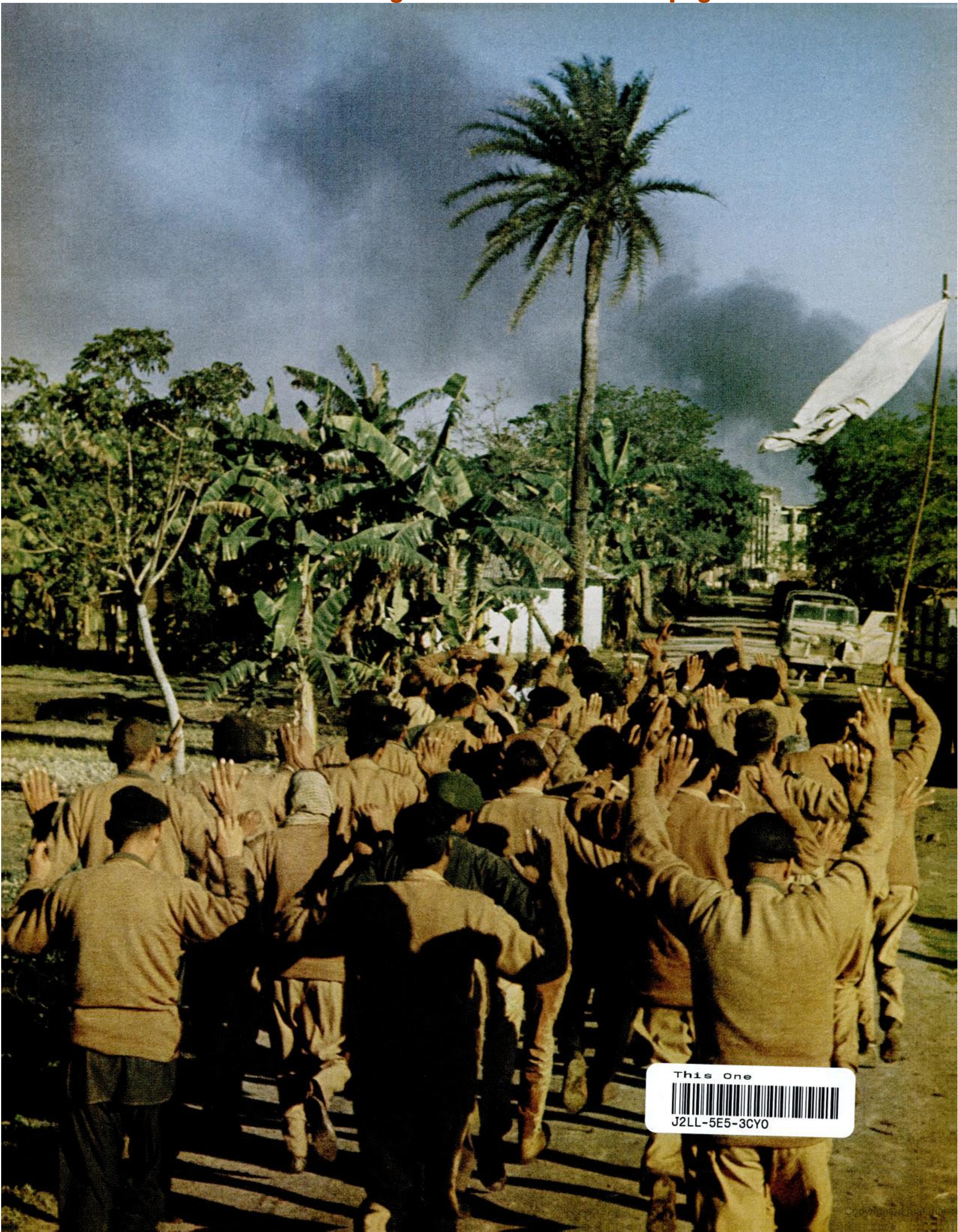
It happened convulsively, as if the agony of common people had grown so great as to make armies march and nations fall. United to West Pakistan only by the Muslim religion, East Pakistan's second-class status became desperately ob-

vious last spring when the central government outlawed a local independence movement, clapped its leader in jail, and ordered 80,000 West Pakistani troops to restore control by force. Fleeing the terror, East Pakistanis left their farms and villages and poured into India by the millions, perhaps ten million in all. Disease, monsoon rains, hunger, privations of every kind laid them waste. Still the Pakistani government refused to ease its bloody grip on the East. At last, moved partly by the need to solve the refugee problem and partly by the urge to deal their historic enemy a crushing blow, the Indians loosed their tanks and troops across the border. Within 14 days the Pakistanis yielded, Bangladesh gained its freedom, and the year's most terrible story drew to an aching close.



Shouting "*Joi Bangla*" ("Victory to Bengal") and waving weapons, East Pakistanis welcome Indian troops entering Jessore. At right an Indian soldier herds Pakistani prisoners down a country road after their defeat in the battle of Jamalpur.





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EAST PAKISTAN

CONTINUED



The real tragedy of East Pakistan took place not to the rumble of tanks and the crackle of gunfire but to less dramatic sounds: flies buzzing, rain falling, children and grown men wailing. All during the spring and summer months refugees from the West Pakistani terror campaign staggered into India. Many walked for weeks, virtually without food, never finding shelter. Indian relief facilities collapsed under the strain, and foreign aid was pitifully inadequate. In June monsoon rains began (below), and the death toll from bronchial pneumonia began to exceed the earlier chief killers, cholera and starvation. The family at left had walked for 16 days. Within a day of reaching India the wife fell sick with cholera and quickly died. The survivors mourned her, cremated her corpse, then struggled away toward Calcutta, 60 miles farther on. Death often came first to the very young: dazed with hunger, the refugee woman at right waits passively for her baby to finish dying.



A photograph of a man with a mustache and short dark hair, wearing a light blue button-down shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Behind him is a large, dark pile of what appears to be bodies or debris, suggesting a scene of mass death or conflict. In the lower right background, another man's face is partially visible, looking towards the camera.

Piled into the hold of a cargo vessel, West Pakistani soldiers embark from Chittagong for the 36-hour passage across the Bay of Bengal and up the Hooghly River to Calcutta. Four thousand of the 93,000 prisoners taken by the Indian army in what is now Bangladesh—and blamed for innumerable atrocities—they may be safer in India. But until there is a political settlement between the two governments, they will remain locked up in military prison camps.



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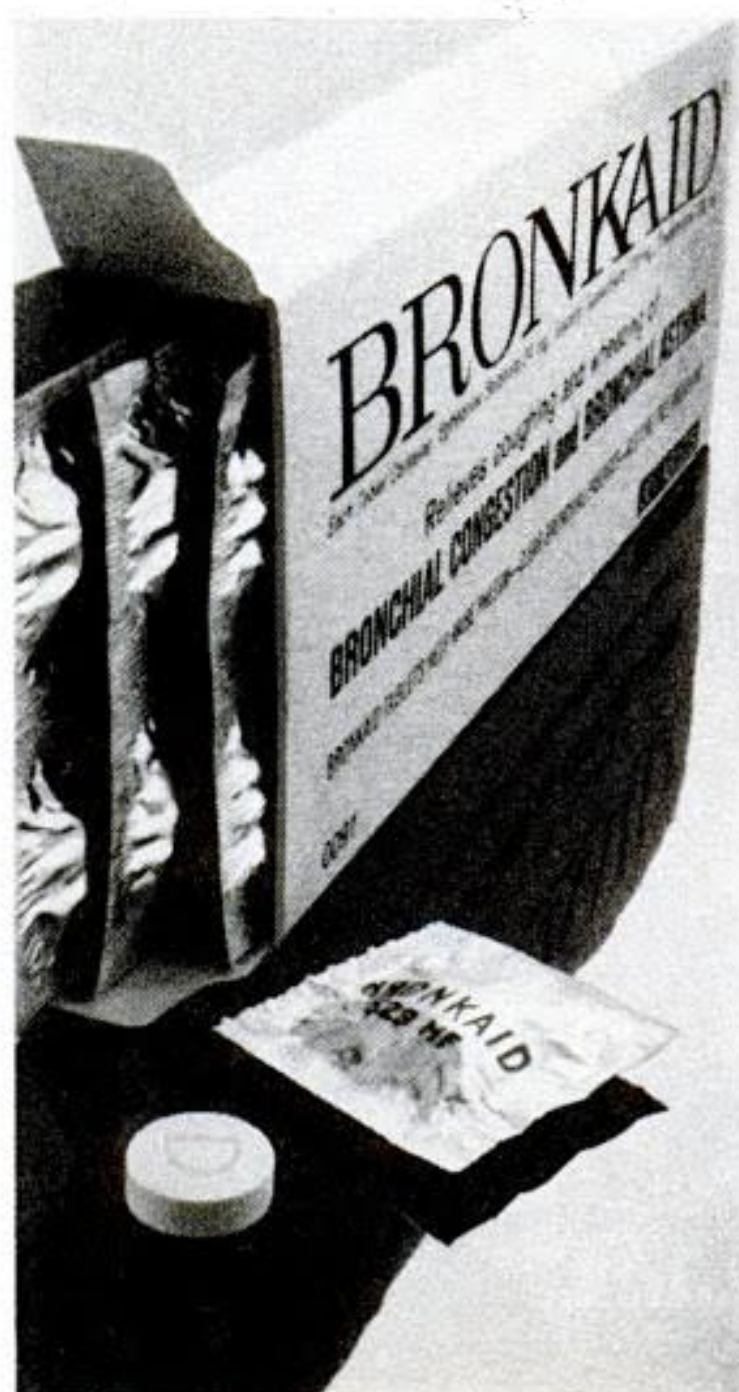
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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

An epiphany that went flat

BANGLADESH ALBUM

Recycled cultural events are rapidly becoming a staple of the Media Age. First, you have an honest-to-god event, with all the spontaneity, variety and density of mood which an occasion like Woodstock or Altamont or the Bangladesh Concert can produce. Then months, perhaps a year, later, the event recurs on the movie or TV screen or in everybody's living room via the phonograph. Invariably, the second time around the whole character of the happening is different. Even though the technology has faithfully captured every cough, even though the artists may have resisted—as did George Harrison with *Bangladesh Concert*—the temptation to tidy up the record, the simple fact of repetition at a different time in a different setting is enough to make even the most powerful event seem not only slighter but different.

Everyone who attended the Bangladesh Concert last August at Madison Square Garden remembers it as an occasion of almost devotional intensity. Instead of the usual riot-in-cell-block-9 atmosphere, the huge intergalactic assembly hall was hushed to cathedral stillness. The sitar-and-sarod session was framed in an Indian setting that was framed in turn by the dark immensity of the sports arena. You felt a fascinating tension between the technological austerity and impersonality of the West and the archaic richness and aristocratic dignity of the oriental song ritual. This same contrast was further amplified by the appearance of the rock band later in the concert hard on the heels of some harrowing films of the sufferings of the Pakistani war victims. Again the event signaled something about this generation and its complex stance, poised between the rustic past and the industrial present, between empathy for downtrodden people and the sort of privileged position that allows one to enjoy rock music while millions suffer and die—and to feel that in the act of playing and hearing this music one is making a worthy contribution to the alleviation of that nearly unimaginable suffering. There was even in the concert, particularly in the strange tone of Dylan's voice, a key to the present muddled moment. It was the note of *sweetness in resignation*, which I have subsequently detected in other areas, like the current vogue of Billie Holiday.

Now, as a sumptuously packaged album selling for a record \$12.98, the concert is experiencing its second

coming. It has already earned \$3,750,000 in advances on sales that may total eventually \$20 million and seems destined to become one of the best-selling albums ever. All profits—save for the normal dealer cut and a reported 25 cents on each album for Bob Dylan—are being funneled to Bangladesh relief through UNICEF. Apart from strident press queries about the auditing of this huge sum, no one could question the grandeur of the benefice or the skill with which the whole enterprise was managed.

What is open to question is simply the value of the recorded event. Speaking as a witness to the occasion, I would say the album is a very pale reflection of the actual experience. Though no one much cared (or dared to say) at the time, George Harrison's musical direction and performance on the great day were pretty shaky and



Harrison, Dylan and Leon Russell

inept. He looked and sounded frightened, and his decision to offer studio-built hits, like *My Sweet Lord* and *While My Guitar Gently Weeps*, condemned him to sounding like an amateur imitating George Harrison. What is even more surprising, and disappointing, is the way Dylan comes off the record. His unexpected appearance at the concert was one of the most powerful epiphanies in the history of rock. Just his physical appearance—a small solitary figure in Levi jacket and baggy pants, wearing an orthodontic-looking harmonica holder around his bearded chin—was enough to fill the mind with associations and memories. Solid as a stargazing helmsman, Dylan loomed at the concert as the one real spiritual leader of the whole generation. Listening to that curiously keening voice on the record, I find myself questioning my initial response. The voice seems to be sentimentalizing the ironies of earlier years, reducing the mockery of *Just Like a Woman*, for example, to a barroom ballad.

Perhaps the movie will be better. Or perhaps we should recognize that while sounds and images can be captured, no mechanical medium can truly preserve or recover the past. For that vital task we must still rely on the memory, intelligence and verbal skill of the historian—or ourselves.

by Albert Goldman



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The Peking feast

Vodka first found popularity in the U.S. only when the cold war made us fascinated with things Russian. Perhaps moo shi pork will now become as familiar as cheeseburgers, as the nation goes on a China jag.

Americans are that way in foreign policy, and diplomats like George Kennan have always wished us to be more moderate in our hates and likes and more calculated in our friendships and quarrels. President Nixon showed some awareness of this American volatility when before leaving for Peking he offered contradictory instructions as to how we were to regard the trip: as a watershed, an event comparable to going to the moon, and as something from which great things were not to be expected. His own inhibitions seemed to relax more agreeably at Peking's great banquet hall; still no one would expect Richard Nixon to be easily seduced by Communists, even when savoring the biggest moment of his life.

Nixon's Peking policy has from the beginning seemed to us a spacious and far-seeing conception, in its readiness to move beyond the sterility of cold war habits and emotions. So momentous a shift in our foreign policy has caused a number of difficulties along the way: avoidable slights to Japan; a regrettable "tilt" in our foreign policy toward Pakistan when its military regime was ruthlessly trying to crush its Bangladesh population; a bewildering U.N. performance that pressured our friends to support Taiwan while we were romancing Peking. Yet the basic proposition seems sound: that the world of the 1970s will turn around the interaction of five great powers—the U.S., Russia, Western Europe, China and Japan. Photographs of the aging Chinese leadership against the visibly younger American contingent show the wisdom of getting China into the conversation now, for no one knows what insular misconceptions exist in the next generation of Chinese leadership brought up in claustrophobic isolation.

Basic to the Nixon-Kissinger notion of a five-cor-

nered world is the thesis that the U.S. intends not to choose sides in the Soviet-Chinese quarrel, but there is no doubt that the U.S. at the moment is hurrying China into the Big Five club, partly as a counterweight to Russia. Thus the unprecedented gesture of a President flying halfway around the world to visit a nation and regime that the U.S. doesn't even recognize diplomatically.

So the possibilities for confusion in our foreign policy exist. They show most clearly in one key passage of the President's recent message to Congress. The President said, "Our alliances are no longer addressed primarily to the containment of the Soviet Union and China behind an American shield. They are, instead, addressed to the creation, with those powers, of a stable peace." Isn't the truth, rather, that all of us on our side do hope to enter an era of peaceful negotiations and arms reduction with the Communist great powers, but should that fail, our *alliances* are primarily and precisely addressed to containing an armed Communist threat?

Nations that can black out the news, can control the press and live without elections find it simpler than we do to carry on such a two-track policy, with all its ambiguities. Recent American diplomacy has concentrated more on the sensitive cultivation of our enemies while taking somewhat for granted our friends. We suspect this imbalance, which has been more apparent than real, won't last much longer. So far, with some fretting exceptions, our allies generally approve of our course. They seem to recognize the intelligent preparation the presidential party made; to realize that sumptuous banqueting in public was not inconsistent with plain talk in private; aware even that the mercurial American public fascination with the new dwells side by side with a shrewd awareness of reality.

The real success or failure of the Peking mission may not be visible for months or years, when it will be manifest in responses to events yet unforeseen. A long march has indeed begun.

MUSKIE, LINDSAY AND McGOVERN
SIGNS ARE THE GRAFFITI
OF A DISSIDENT MINORITY

The busing furor

Busing may have become a subject too important to be left to the courts. The courts got into the issue in the first place because of the long unwillingness of Congress, a succession of administrations, and the public in general to address themselves to providing equal educational opportunities to black Americans. So far the Supreme Court has held only in the most general way that busing is a useful device to break up dual school segregation systems, but as lower courts wrestle with the subject they find themselves called to pass judgment on whether racial patterns were intended or just happened that way. Their agonized, piecemeal and sometimes arbitrary findings then become instant law locally, and perhaps valid precedents elsewhere, unless subsequently overturned. This seems a clumsy and uncertain way to determine and carry out important national social policy.

A lot of Americans may be willing to accept integrated schools (and in fact are quite used to them) but are up in arms against more integration if it means busing their children into inferior schools in dangerous neighborhoods. As Leonard Woodcock of the United Auto Workers says: "The bill that has become overdue is owed by every American. It cannot be paid in full by innocent young people."

Politicians find busing a hot issue; they can't avoid it; probably only George Wallace is really happy with it. The others find it hard to enunciate an answer short enough to handle a heckler but complex enough to satisfy the subject. We don't share Senator Jackson's wish for a constitutional amendment to ban busing for balance, or President Nixon's fascination with the idea—since the Constitution shouldn't be cluttered up with transitional matters. We're glad that Vice-President Agnew and HEW Secretary Richardson oppose such an amendment.

Recognizing the high emotions and political risks, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Hugh Scott seek a congressional solution free of partisan politicking. It is high time for the congressional branch to come to the aid of the judiciary, but it won't be easy to write legislation that doesn't undo all the gains of the 1954 desegregation decision. One proposal would limit federal funds for busing to school systems carrying out court-ordered or voluntary desegregation plans; integration would continue in this fashion, but federal agencies could not otherwise require local boards to bus for racial balancing. That might take some heat out of the issue, since many blacks are not all that eager for widespread busing either. What concerns them most is inferior schooling, and improving the quality of their education. Until this is done, equal education will remain an unfulfilled obligation.

The people speak

One Chinese custom the President may wish he could bring back is the Communist habit of plastering the countryside with placards, expressing the unanimous views of the people on public affairs. He might want to put up a few of his own:

AMERICANS LOVE PEACE—TELL HANOI

TRADERS WELCOME—SPECIAL
INDUCEMENTS TO FORMER ENEMIES

THE DOLLAR IS SOUND:
DON'T SPECULATE ABOUT IT

BUSES ARE FOR RIDING,
NOT BALANCING





During his tour of Bangladesh, Senator Edward Kennedy, spangled with confetti, stopped to speak (below) to a large rally

at Dacca University. Later, with his wife, Joan, he talked with the Bangladesh premier, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (above).

A Kennedy trip

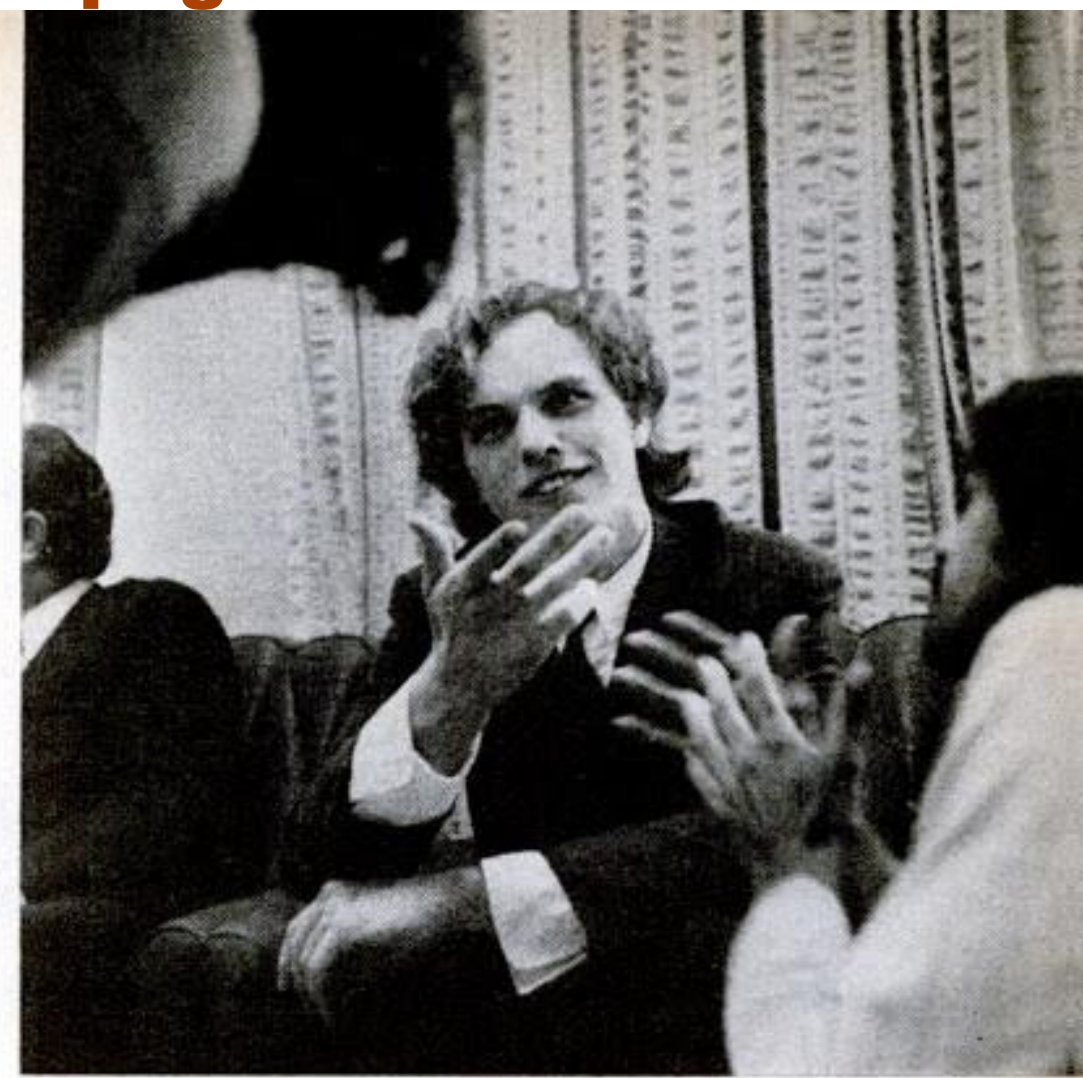
"We are all Bengalis," the visiting U.S. senator told some 20,000 citizens of newly independent Bangladesh at the University of Dacca. And if that declaration seemed to echo the "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" of another year and another Kennedy, what could be more natural? Edward M. Kennedy was paying a two-day visit to Bangladesh as chairman of a Senate subcommittee on refugee problems. His 75-minute call, along with wife Joan, on Prime Minister Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (left) was



with a surprise ending

but one stop on a busy schedule. He visited a depleted grain silo waiting vainly for a final \$1 million of a World Bank loan frozen in West Pakistan. He saw blocks-long lines of unemployed, shut-down jute mills, hospitals that were full of war wounded and short of medicines. From a jeep he viewed burned-out houses, ravaged land and exhumed victims of a massacre in Kushtia. For months he had opposed the Nixon administration's support of West Pakistan during the fighting that led to Bangladesh's

independence. Now, reinforced by what he had seen, Kennedy vowed to work in the Senate toward getting U.S. diplomatic recognition for the new state. The trip was also something of an educational experience for the senator's nephew, Joseph P. Kennedy III (right), oldest son of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. After the Bangladesh visit he toured India for a week on a motorcycle and on the way home was detoured to Aden when Arabs hijacked the Lufthansa 747 he was traveling on.



Joe Kennedy, 19, accompanied his uncle to Dacca. On his way home, Arabs hijacked his plane, kept him under guard for a day.





These are among the most pathetic victims of the West Pakistani army's brutal attempt to put down the Bangladesh independence movement last year. They were raped. Many were put in military brothels, and perhaps 25,000 were made pregnant. Some, like the girl below, were as young as 10. Now they are outcasts in a society and religion with no place for them. All are eager for abortions, which is why they are here at a Dacca clinic.





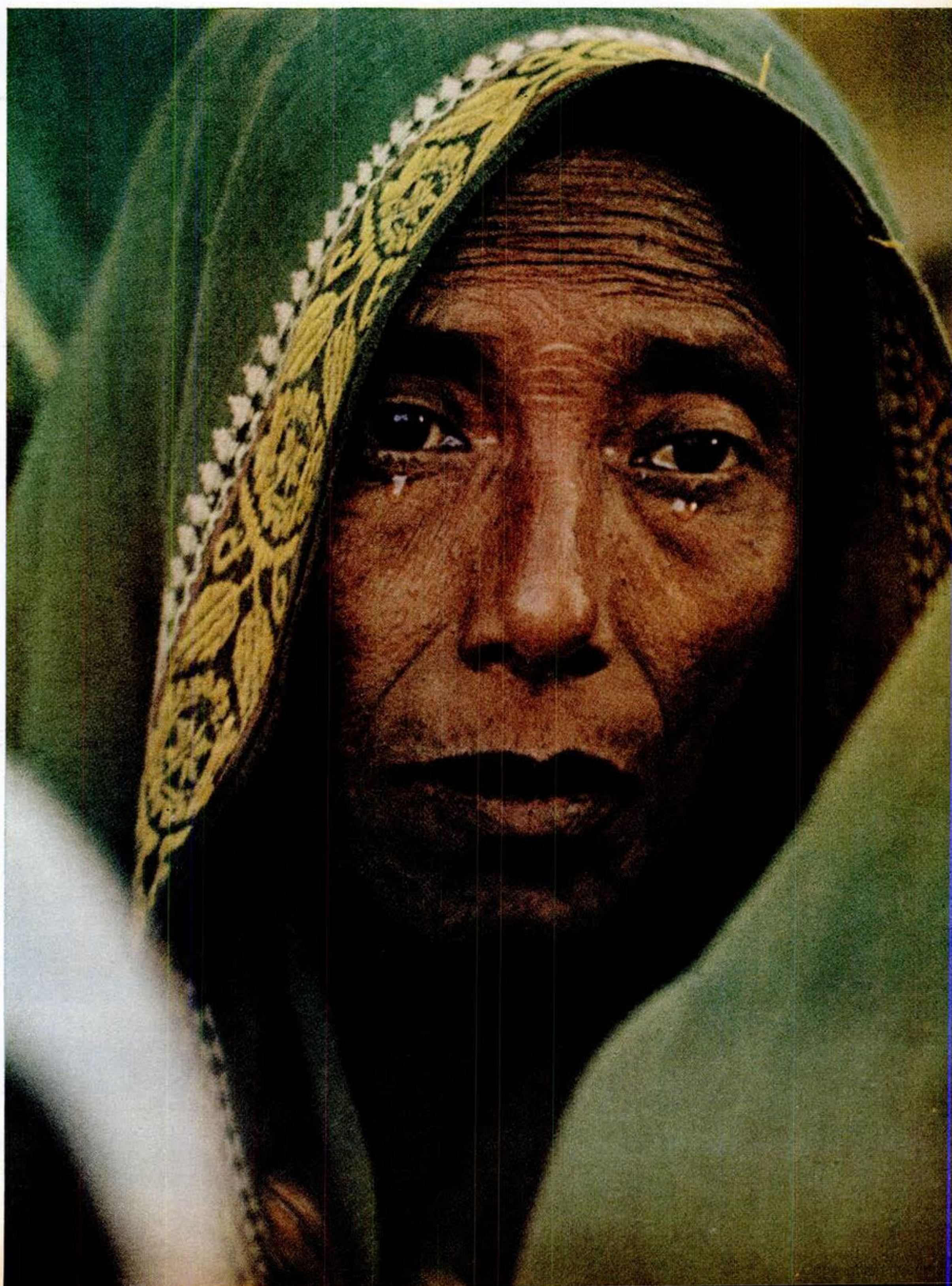


A book of photographs by Larry Burrows

One man's legacy of compassion

*I*t was through these eyes, vacant and welling with tears, that LIFE photographer Larry Burrows tried to convey the devastating impact of the 1970 East Pakistan cyclone. The approach was typical; the effect is timeless. It was one of Burrows's last stories. A few months later, he was killed when the helicopter carrying him to cover the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos was shot down by enemy guns. Now his finest photographs—including the ones on these pages—have been gathered in a single volume called *Larry Burrows, Compassionate Photographer*. It will be published this week by TIME-LIFE Books.

The pictures in the book range through Burrows's 25-year career: his early days as a LIFE free-lancer in his native London, his travels round the world producing exquisite essays on art and nature, his dangerous years as a world-famous photographer covering the Vietnam war. His pictures have a lasting power to move us. They are simple, intimate portraits of people caught up in great events—the celebrants and survivors of history whose faces reveal how it felt to be there.



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TEEN-AGERS GOING STEADY

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KATIE RICHMOND

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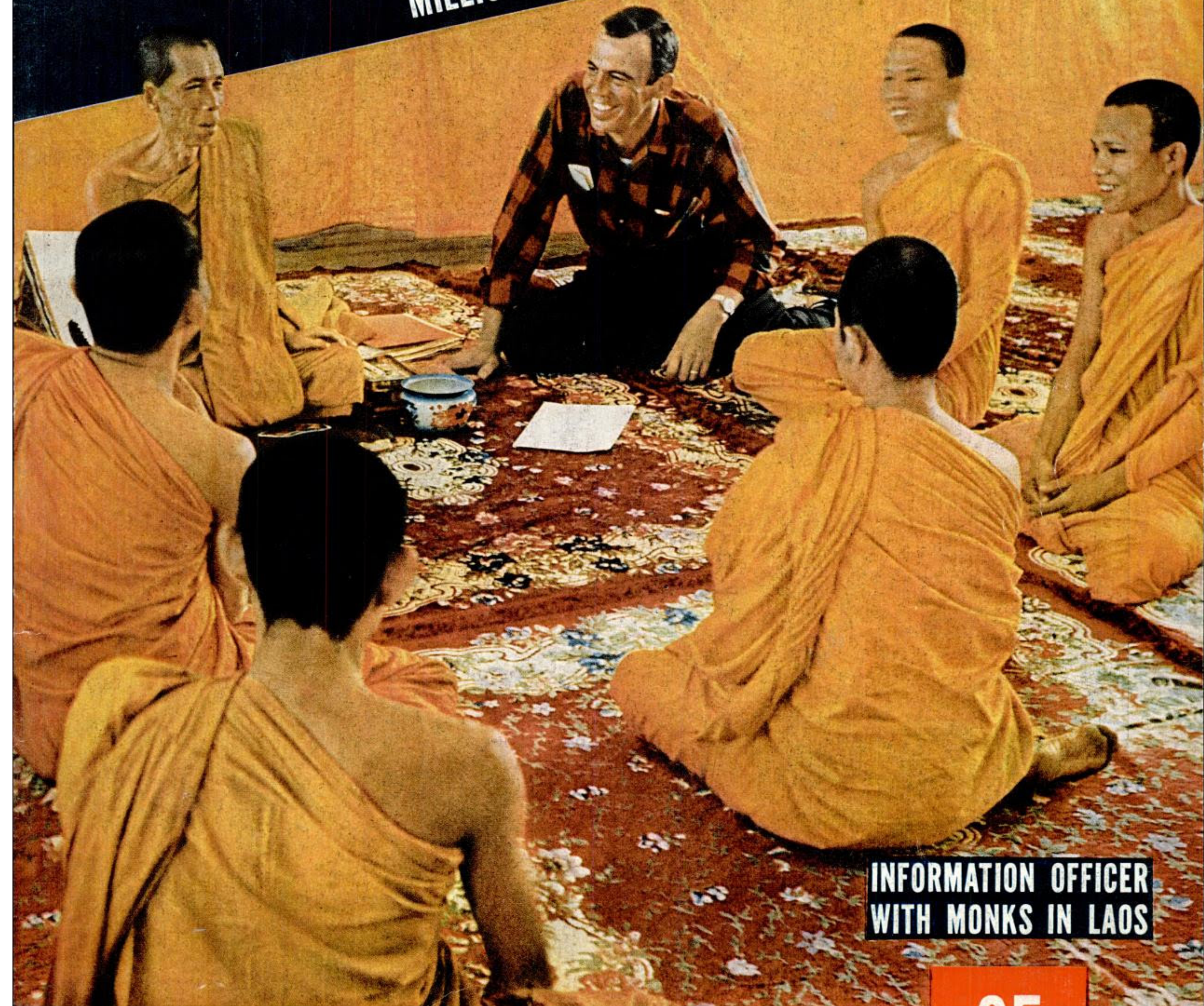
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WITH MONKS IN LAOS

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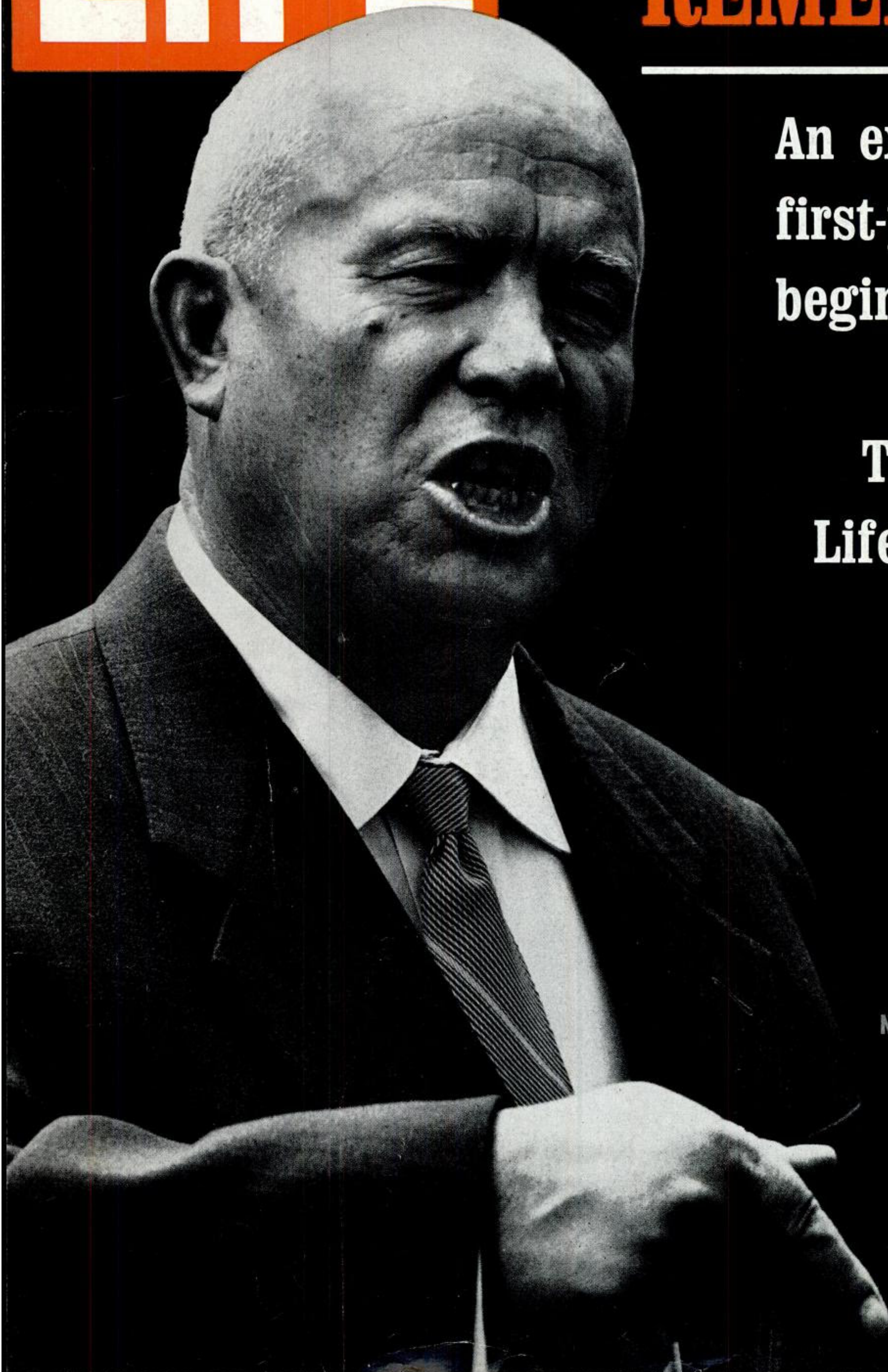
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battles

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dress



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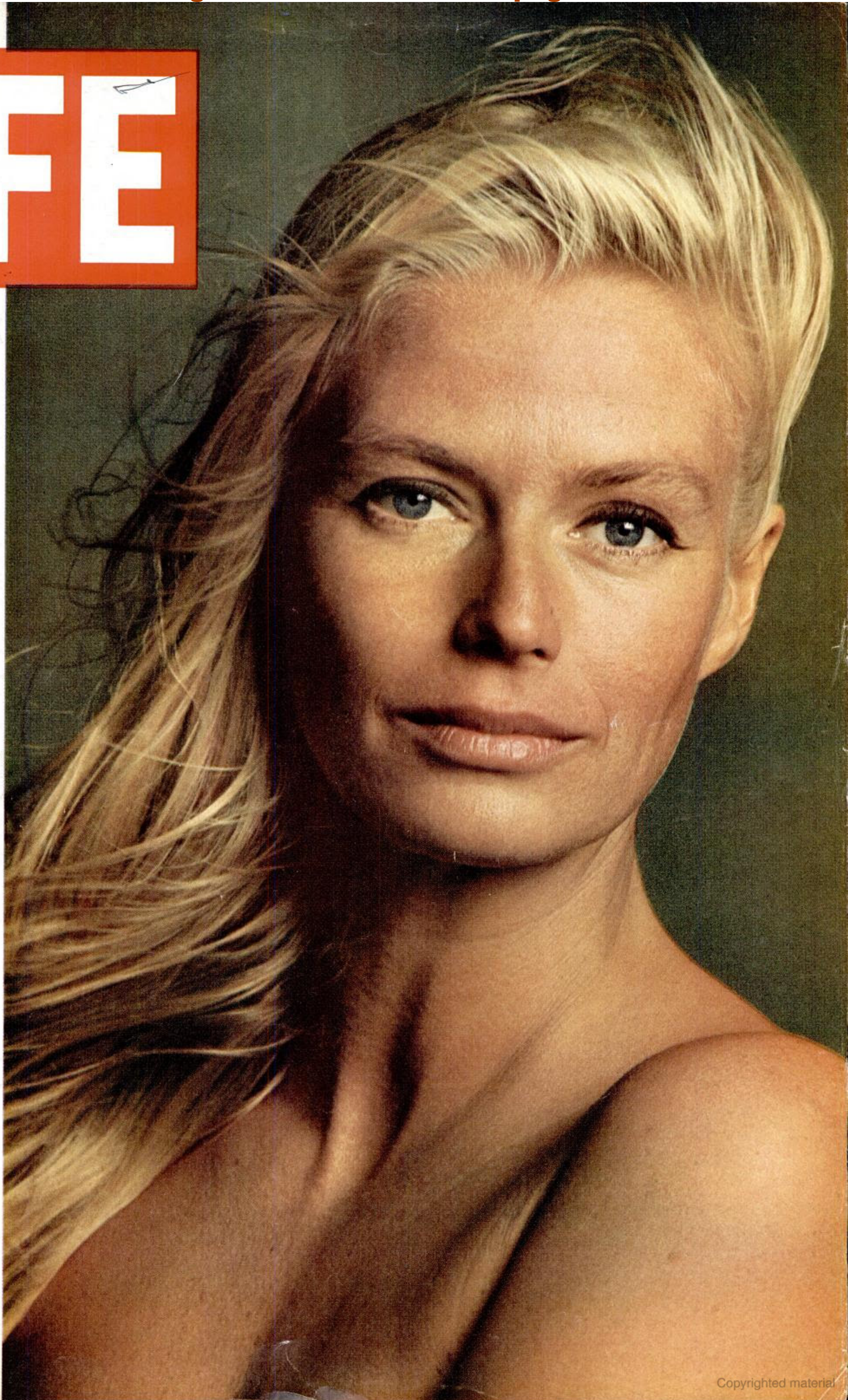
NINA **The** **Singing** **Baroness** **in the** **Hughes** **Affair**

Nina van Pallandt
traveled with
Clifford Irving

HUGH SIDEY
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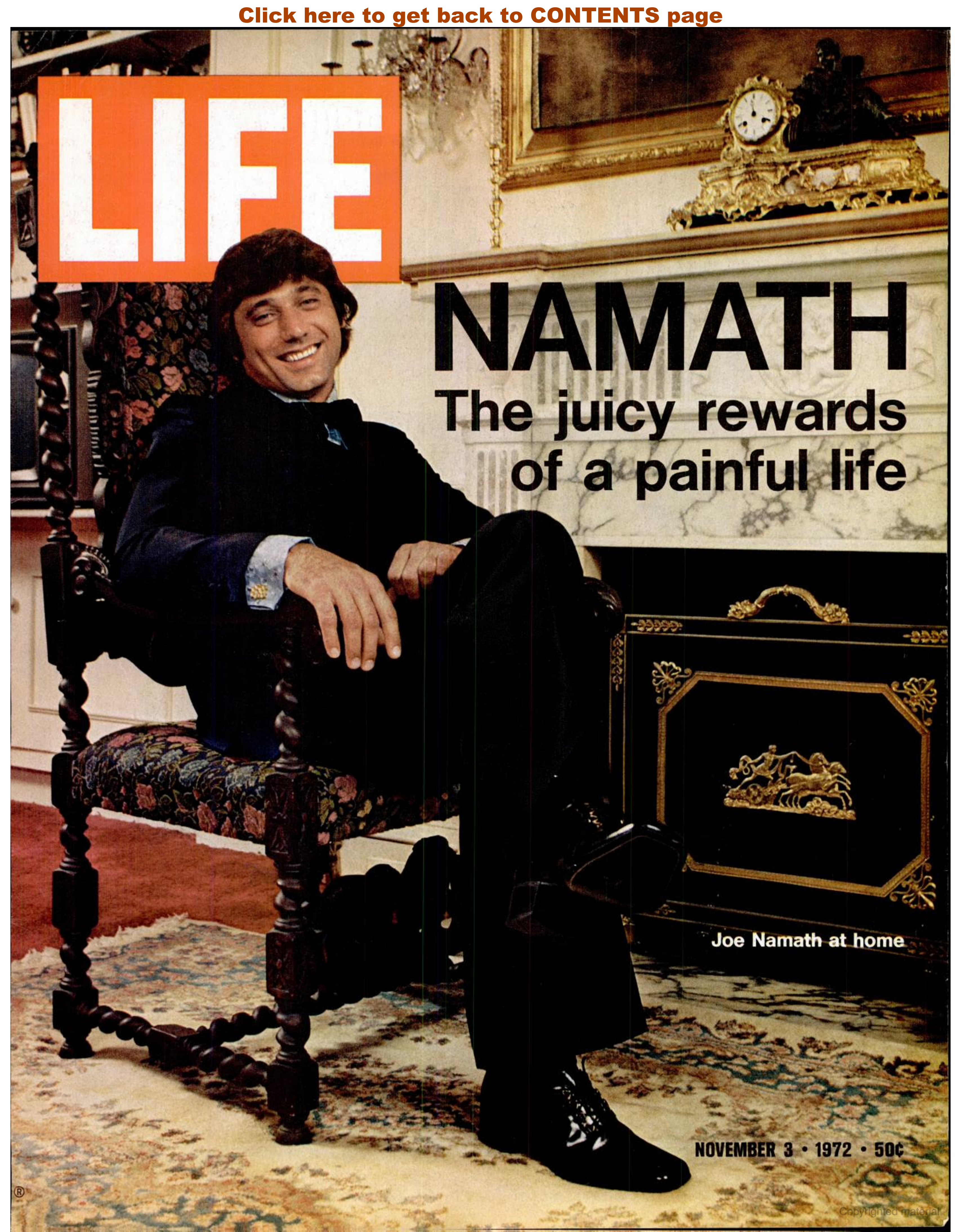
The Chairman in his study,
with shelves
of tagged Chinese books

LIFE

Silly courtroom battle
**JACKIE vs.
THE JACKIE
WATCHER**

Mrs. Onassis arrives at court

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A color photograph of Joe Namath sitting in a large, dark wood, ornate chair with a floral patterned seat. He is wearing a dark suit and is smiling. The background shows a luxurious interior with a large clock on the wall and a fireplace with a decorative mantel.

LIFE

NAMATH

The juicy rewards
of a painful life

Joe Namath at home

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